

FLICK

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is lying on her back on a patterned surface, possibly a bed or a rug. She is wearing a bright green thong and black stockings. Her legs are spread apart, and she is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a solid purple color.

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**AFFAIRS OF JANICE:
COUNTRY CLUB
BALLING**

**SWEET
CAKES:
A MOVIE
FOR MEAT
LOVERS**

**THE TROUBLE
WITH YOUNG STUFF:
STRICTLY FOR
CHILD-LOVERS!**

**A DIFFERENT
PORN EPIC BY
JERRY DAMIANO:
LET MY PUPPETS COME**

FLICK

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JANUARY, 1977

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Sweet Cakes

SEE PAGE 24

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The Anti-Smut Committee

By G.C. Jonse

■ A small paragraph item buried in the back pages of the daily newspaper caught my editor's eye, and he assigned me to investigate it. The item simply said that members of an "Anti-Smut Committee" in New England were caught participating in a "sex orgy."

Most of us are familiar with sex vigilante committees. They're forever blaming everything that's wrong with the country—unemployment, Watergate, Congress, the energy crisis, etc.—on "the evils of pornography." Their biggest delight is in censoring films, banning and burning books and using the word 'filth' to cover anything dealing with sex. So to suddenly hear that a typical 'Anti-Smut' group was caught performing "filthy" acts could possibly mean an interesting story.

Well, I went to the particular New England town and what I discovered blew my mind! I've seen many wild things in my career as an erotic reporter, but this story topped them all! I've had to change the names of the people and the town for obvious legal reasons, but anyone familiar with New England should know the town. It's long been known throughout the country as one of the wealthiest, quietest places for respectable, clean-living citizens.

When I arrived in Belline early Monday morning, the town looked like a beautiful painting. There was Main Street, a long, broad avenue dotted with all kinds of stores, shops and boutiques. Surrounding the main center of the town were large trees, parks and small lakes. The streets running off the main avenue consisted of expensive homes, cultivated lawns and gardens. The last thing in my mind was sex, wild sex, anyway. The townspeople were like other people; kids riding bikes, young and old married couples, but there was no getting away from the feeling that this was a money place.

The three places I went to check out the story refused to talk—the attorneys for both sides and the editor of the town's only paper. "In no way," the editor said, "do we want Belline splashed over the country."

However, others were willing to talk. A few dollars to a taxi driver, a barber shop and beauty shop owner and the beautiful, young girl who ran the motel I was staying at got me the names.

No wonder Belline wanted everything kept quiet; the Anti-Smut members included the president of the bank, the owner of a movie theatre, two women who owned boutiques and the editor of the newspaper! In short, the town's leading citizens! Now I understood why the trial was closed to both the public and the press. In addition, there was no jury—just a judge. Very interesting and very peculiar!

When I got back to my motel, Carol, the pretty girl manager, handed me three phone messages. All read the same—"Get out of town, please!" I got scared. The last thing I needed was a "Farewell, My Lovely" kind of story. Sex, yes. Violence, no! Carol also advised me to leave.

"We don't like snooping reporters, though I must admit you don't look like a snoop." I ex-

That Loved ORGIES



plained that I was not a newspaper reporter, only a writer for an erotic magazine. She asked for proof. I showed her my identification, opened my briefcase and handed her a few issues with my byline.

She stared strangely at the pictures of naked people simulating different sexual poses. "You really do write sex articles!" she said, smiling. "The way you've been acting here made me think you were Woodward and Bernstein." I told her I didn't mean to give her or anyone else that impression.

She disappeared for fifteen minutes, then came back to my room. "If you're willing to prove you're what you say you are, I can arrange a meeting with some of *those* people." Great! What kind of proof? I didn't believe my ears when she quietly said, "I want you to suck me—not fuck me, but suck me everywhere I tell you." I bordered on shock! "If you prove yourself that way, you'll get the real story of what happened. But you may not want to write it!" That was puzzling.

Only a moron wouldn't want to suck (or fuck) Carol. She was about 5'6", very slim, long blonde hair, long, supple legs and seemingly nice full breasts. She wore a short denim skirt, white T-shirt and burlap-strapped wedgies. "When?" I asked.

"Now! But you get undressed first and I better see a stiff prick or the deal is off!" I got undressed, but there was no "stiff prick." The weirdness of the whole situation made me nervous. "At least you're naked," she said. I suggested she touch my limp penis to see if that would help. She stroked it once and the limp penis became a stiff prick! "Strip me naked," she said.

I knelt down, placed her feet on my thighs and undid her wedgies. Her toes played with my cock, keeping it long and hard. I stood up and pulled off her T-shirt. Two gorgeous tits came in view and, instinctively, I fondled them. When I saw how incredibly chunky and taut her nipples were, I had to suck them immediately. I pulled off her skirt while chewing those heavenly nipples.

She stepped back and there was nothing covering her bushy, beautiful, blonde cunt hairs! She sat down and spread her legs apart and I saw the glistening lips of her vagina already drenchy wet! She didn't have to ask! I began eating her pussy as if I had been on a starvation diet. Her body odor was intoxicating and I could be addicted to her cunt for life!

As my tongue whirled inside her cunt and over her clit, Carol started

The Anti-Smut Committee

to shake and groan. She climaxed like crazy! My turn? No. She told me to suck her toes. "I'm a cookie and you damn well better eat me everywhere!" As my mouth and tongue licked her toes—individually, as a group, and in between—she climaxed again just from that!

She assumed the doggie position. I thought she wanted my cock rammed into her asshole; wrong again. "Suck my asshole. If you do that good, you'll get the story." One has to go many lengths to seek out the truth and this sure beats the usual ways. I was



entranced by her exquisite, rounded buttocks and lowered my face to them. The same intoxicating odor from her cunt emanated from the cheeks of her behind. My tongue darted for her brown hole. Her ass grinding back into my face only got me wilder, and my tongue pounded her anus like an oil rigger's drill! She cried, shook, moaned and groaned and had another dandy orgasm! Now, was it my turn?

No! The door opened and two burly guys strode in with a movie camera. Oh, no! Oh, yes!! Carol had arranged the entire scene and I was on film! She insisted it wasn't a set-up, but only protection for *them*—the vigilantes.

They were willing to meet me, but they now had me by the balls, so to speak. I got dressed. Carol said she'd come by later and that I wouldn't be disappointed.

The two men drove me to a large estate, took me inside and disappeared. A handsome, silver-haired man came into sight and shook my hand. He was Benjamin Jason, president of the bank and still head of the Anti-Smut Board. He told me I passed the test. Test? There had been five other reporters that came to check out the story, but none of them were willing to submit to Carol's exam. Of course, Jason said, they were all legitimate reporters of hard news. I was the first writer they ever met who specialized in "filth." He said that with a smile.

When I inquired what his plans were for my film performance on Carol, he said he'd tell me later. Meanwhile, he wanted me to meet the others. At least he had good scotch, which I sorely needed. After two good drinks, my host startled me by taking off his robe—he was naked! He asked me to undress, but reassured me there was no homosexual scene planned. "We've only started experimenting with bisexuality. You see, we're slowly making up for lost time." I didn't understand, but got undressed.

I followed him with my scotch in hand. I entered a huge bedroom with a king-sized bed and the most beautiful, 40x60 erotic photos I had ever seen! They were hung on every wall. But before I could get into them, another door opened and in walked three men and four women—all naked! The members of The Anti-Smut Board, themselves! Everyone shook my hand, were friendly and it was fascinating! The men's age ranged from forty to fifty; the women were all in their early thirties and each was lovelier than the other! There's no use identifying each one by name; suffice to say, they were the town's leading citizens, handsome, lovely, well-educated and rich!

Before my eyes passed the wildest orgy I had ever seen! The fact that I partook of it is irrelevant. It's what I witnessed as a voyeur that blew my mind! Let me recreate just a few of the acts that took place.

The four men stood next to each other, their hard cocks sticking out! One beautiful brunette woman, naked except for brown suede boots, was on her knees mouthing two of the pricks simultaneously. Another woman, with dark red hair and wearing dark black stockings, was doing the same to the

(Continued on page 56)

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FEMINISTS LIKE TO FUCK TOO!

By SUE BRANDON



■ In these role-changing times, a true feminist isn't supposed to want to be seduced by a man. She's defined as a free and independent individual who wants to be treated as an equal to men and not as a luscious sex object.

Well, I'm a feminist and certainly believe in the equality of the male and female species, but I definitely dig getting seduced and well-balled. I still have the same intense sex drive and orgasmic desire as I did before

women spoke out for liberation. In fact, now that women are free to publicly admit their sexual appetite, I desire being seduced more than ever! The plain fact is I like getting fucked just like any other woman, liberated or not, and whether she wants to admit it or not!

Usually, a feminist is pictured as a cold, stiff man-hater with a sewn-up snatch who stares icily at you on a bus with a dominating, over-powering look that might shrivel up

your cock. There are undoubtedly some women like that, but I'm definitely not among the crew.

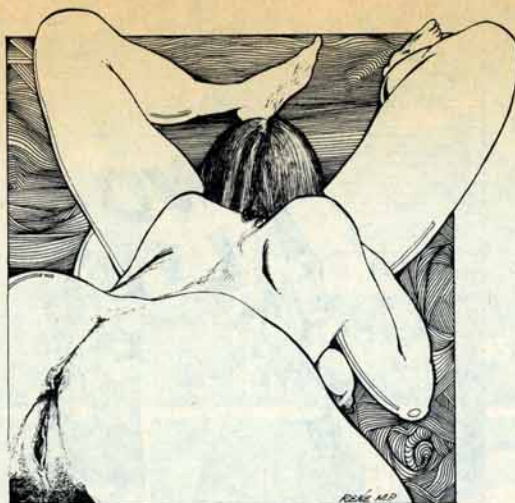
I'm in my mid-twenties with large, expressive brown eyes and have been said to possess a "passionate self image." I am extremely open minded and will try any new far-out sex technique that turns me on. If I meet a man who arouses my passions, I set no limits on the sexual possibilities between us.

I dig men, even respect them, especially ones with

great respect for themselves. They're the sexiest of all. A sexy man possesses self confidence, inner strength, a strong will, a heart filled with love, and a deeply, sensuous nature. And there are lots of women who feel like I do.

For instance, "Guys are dumb to think feminists don't want to get balled," Marion S., a computer programmer said, during our interview. "That's insane. Just because I've become mentally and spiritually liberated doesn't mean I don't want a delectable cock going deep inside of me. I'm a feminist, but I'm still human, you know."

Feminists no longer view seduction as a male-dominated game. They're interested in mutual seduction, mutual satisfaction. Since it's no longer taboo to admit the desire to ball, women find



"When I let Laura take over, my cock and her clit became close buddies!"



"The jerk lost out on the best fuck of his life because he wouldn't let me be the seducer."

it easy to publicly admit, "Sex is a gas. If I mentally connect with a guy, we end up balling. I love to ride, fuck, suck, and pluck."

A feminist has got brains. She's not the dumb blonde stereotype of yesteryear who had to be tricked into climbing under the sheets. She can't be

fooled very easily. If a man is pretending to be seductive and debonair in the hopes of convincing her of the advantages of balling him, she'll be so turned off her pussy will dry up!

These days, seduction is a two-way ball game. It must be played with sincerity and confidence.

Sincerity is an important quality for a man to possess. A woman will find her thighs spreading willingly for a man who is honest and expressive about his feelings. By being sincere, he'll appear more human to her. The guy who acts like he's on top of things is part of the Fred Astaire era and will only dance his way further from her bed.

Emotional warmth and caring are a part of being sincere. A feminist wants to be recognized as a person first and not just a wet, inviting pussy. If a man is sincerely interested in her as a human being, the warm intimacy created between them will set off sexual sparks. She'll be hungering to get his pants off because he's not just after her body. He wants to fuck her, not just fuck, period!

My beautiful friend, Sharon felt sexually receptive to two guys she knew. Carl was a quiet, reserved type who worked with her at a pharmaceutical factory. They became dear friends and shared a variety of caresses behind the test tubes. Their friendship and mutual respect finally brought them to sexual ecstasy in her bed.

"Carl really dug me for me," Sharon said. "My pussy and tits came second. Sex was a magnificent experience for us, because our relationship grew out of a sincere desire to know each other."

Sharon's other friend was Paul, a draftsman she met at a New York singles bar. Paul was a handsome, entertaining person who possessed the charm and talent to bed scores of women. Sharon dated him two times, and then got bored.

"All Paul noticed was my ass and crotch," Sharon said. "Our first night together, he stuck one finger up me and covered one hand over my ass and mashed his lips to mine like I was some life-sized fuck doll. It turned me cold!"

"Sure he was great looking and exciting, but he wasn't sincere. All he wanted was a ballable chick to stick his thing in. It didn't even occur to him that there was a real, live human being inside my female body."

So sincerity is the art of being totally honest in your relations with a woman. That means putting biological needs second and human emotions first. If you're turned on by a particular woman, see beyond her physical appearance to find out who's in there. She'll not only feel complimented, but she'll surely want to let you inside of her for a well-guided tour.

Confidence goes hand in hand with sincerity. Sharon's stud friend, Paul, was confident in his role as a sexy male and arousing lover, but he got nowhere fast with Sharon. He was lacking the confidence in himself as a person apart from his male role. If Paul didn't have his attractive, alluring personality to turn women on, he'd feel empty and shallow on the inside.

Dr. Stanley Radcliff, psychologist in the study of present male/female roles, says, "A truly confident person is one who can momentarily forget his role as a man and just be an emotionally open human being. He's a person who feels deeply for

the woman he's with, because he cares about the way she feels on the inside. If he's too worried about the impression he is making as a man, he will miss the real human contact he actually desires."

Confidence in yourself as a person is essential towards attracting a beautiful feminist (actually any woman) into your bed. If you picture yourself as a creative, fascinating human being, an equally vivacious, stimulating female will pop into your life who will be enthusiastic about relating to you on every level.

It's difficult for a feminist to get moist and receptive to a man who thinks he's Robert Redford in bed, but Donald Duck out of bed. These days a woman desires an all-around bewitching person to spend time with. She wants a man who is proud of his identity. Someone who holds his head erect, his spine straight, and who is aware of his inner capability to captivate any woman. Shapely thighs will open with welcome to a confident man.

Part of being confident is becoming aware of yourself as a creative, independent thinker. Most men mimic the thoughts and actions of their buddies and never discover their own individual uniqueness. Feminists are usually highly creative people working as therapists, stateswomen, executives, painters, et al. Like myself, they don't necessarily feel compelled to follow any particular set of rules about living. Life is a spontaneous, exciting adventure, not a dull, monotonous daily existence like the majority of people believe it is. They're turned on by equally independent men.

One of the ways to become a creative thinker is by listening to your own intuition. Sure, maybe it sounds corny, but it works. What fun is it to follow the sexual guidelines you've read in a myriad of books and magazines, when you can experience orgasmic ecstasy by using your own imagination as the guide?

Stan, my friend Ulsa's

boyfriend, managed to seduce her the first night they met. "Stan's no Joe Namath with the women," Ulsa admits, "but he's got class. His far-out seduction technique did me in."

One afternoon, Stan overheard Ulsa complaining to her girlfriends in the office cafeteria, that she hated men who blatantly showed their fucking interest on the first date.

Stan asked her for a date, introduced her to his bedroom, and then slowly stripped to his birthday suit. "Ulsa stood there flabbergasted," Stan said. "She was too shocked to say a word. Sure, I was a little embarrassed and knew I was taking a big chance, but something told me that this was exactly the kind of treatment she needed. I trusted myself to be right."

"Buck naked and with a hard-on, he climbed into bed," Ulsa said. "Then he groaned, 'You're quite a woman, Ulsa, and I know we're gonna end up fucking



"Just because I'm liberated doesn't mean I don't want a cock deep inside me!"

anyway. So why go through the social bullshit? I'm ready if you are.' At first, I got pissed off with him. But when he smiled like it was all a hilarious game, I burst out laughing and found myself tumbling into bed with him—like we were old friends! He was being so spontaneous that I just couldn't resist!"

The seduction game has no list of rules to follow. Just let your imagination go and make it as sexy and fun for yourself as possible. If the woman is also intelligent, she'll appreciate your originality and be turned on by it. If she gets teed off, then forget her. Who wants to seduce someone who can't appreciate your creativity?

Never hide the fact that you want to make love to her. Sex is an openly publicized as Transcendental Meditation. We all dig balling. Feminists are not excluded. They're open to any appealing sexual experience like you are. In fact, if you're shy about mentioning the fucking

element of your relationship, she might just peel off her own clothes first to teach you the basics.

"Why should a guy pretend he doesn't want to screw me?" Wendy M., a ballet dancer, questioned. "We're not living in the Victorian Age. I know the mountain of pleasure I've got down there, and I'm also super aware of his protruding counterpart. If he avoids bringing up the subject because he thinks my ears are too pure, then he's going to miss out on some fantastic fucking! I like a man who's straight with me about his sexual desires."

Women no longer feel put down if a man wants sex with her. In fact, she'll probably feel honored if a male friend wants to share in her orgasmic bliss. There is a feminist T-shirt on the market with an inscription written in French; translated, it means, "My body belongs to me, but I share."

Dr. Radcliff advises, "If a man desires to have sexual relations with a woman, it's important for him to be open about it. If he pushes the issue to the back of his mind and acts like he couldn't care less, he will outwardly act unsure of himself and not be in control of the situation. Whereas, if he either expresses his sexual feelings or through his actions illustrates his desire, he will appear to possess a confident, controlled manner."

When you're feeling power sex vibes with a woman, the odds are she's feeling it, too. Most relationships begin with sexual attraction. It won't bowl her over if you freely admit you'd like to spurt your juices in her. (Of course, don't lay it on her in exactly those words.) Remember, she wouldn't be with you in the first place if she didn't dig you sexually. Think about it.

Don't be afraid of rejection. If she says no or doesn't respond to your otherwise irresistible advances, it's probably because of her own personal reasons. It isn't necessarily a put down to

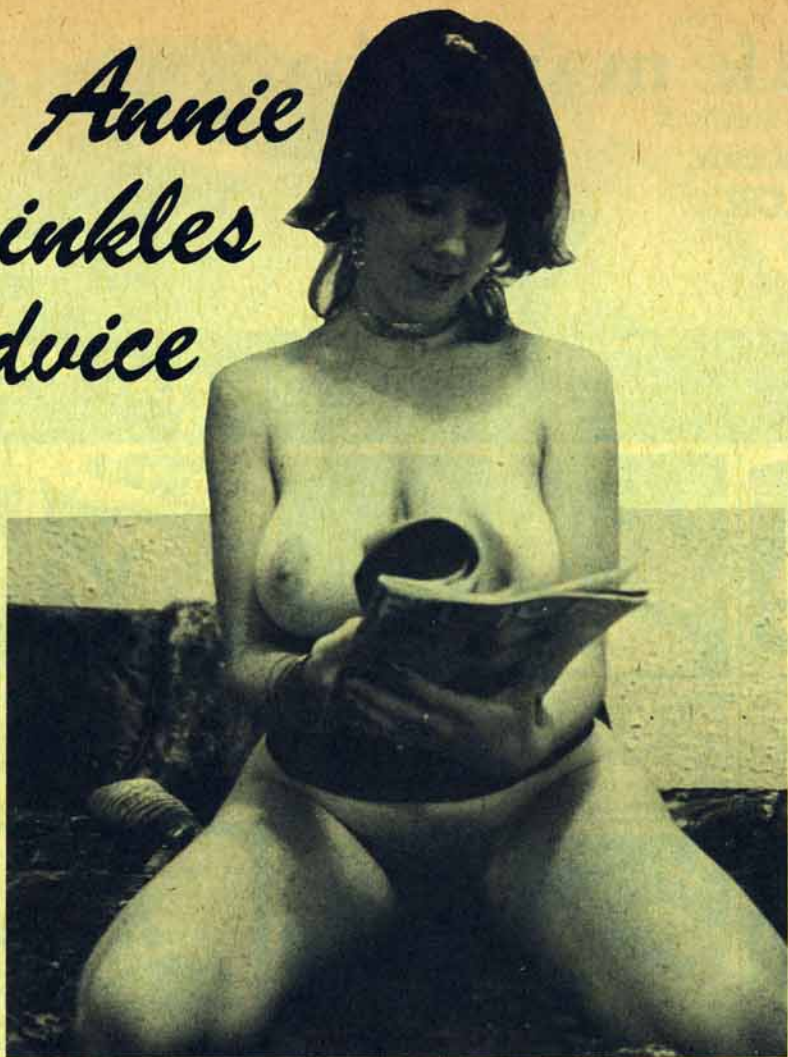
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Annie Sprinkles Advice



By Annie Sprinkle

If you recognize the name Annie Sprinkle or recognize my face, tits or pussy from this photo, you probably saw them in some of the 35XXX rated feature films they have appeared in (some yet to be released), or perhaps in a spread in one of the raunchier men's magazines, or maybe in some of the 40 8mm loops they've been in, now showing at your neighborhood peep show. Perhaps we have met intimately in a Massage parlor.

I have been asked to do a monthly column for our beloved *Flick* magazine. I am really excited about it because we can really get to know each other a little better. And... believe it or not, I really care about you.

So, please send me lots of letters asking my expert advice, sharing experiences to turn me on, asking

questions about making flicks, about *anything and everything*. Please be open, honest and explicit. When it comes to sex nothing surprises me.

I would like this column to be a real pot-pourri of photos, poems, drawings, stories, etc.

Dear Annie,

I am 17 years old and am in my last semester of high school. I have had a steady boyfriend for about a year. I really love him a lot and am very eager to please him. He is 27 years old.

Occasionally we go to see X-rated movies. We both really enjoy them.

The last movie we saw was *My Erotic Fantasies* starring you and Marc Stevens. Your pussy was completely

shaved. It was the first time I ever saw a shaved beaver. I really liked it a lot and my boyfriend got superturned on when he saw it. How do I know? Because when we go to a porn flick we don't just sit and watch! While Tom (not his real name) expertly finger fucks me, I slide my hand up and down his cock after getting it nice and wet with my mouth. This way we can really enjoy the fucking and sucking that is bigger than life in front of us on the screen.

So, when we watched the close-up of Marc fucking your hairless opening, Tom's cock got harder than a rock and my pussy got noticeably wetter.

I'd really like to surprise Tom and shave my cunt. My problem is that I can't get the nerve to do it. Could you

give me some words of encouragement, please?

Signed,
Hairy Mary

Dear Mary,

I know how you feel. The first time a girl shaves her pubies can be a hairy experience. I think what you should do is get a small, sharp pair of scissors and first cut your bush to about 1/2" long. Keep it shorter for a few days until you get used to the way it feels. Then cut it again to about 1/4." It is the latest in pussy fashions.

You will find that you really like a neat, trim snatch; then shaving off the little bit of hair that is left will come easily. It will be easier to work up to it gradually, or should I say work down to it.

Soap, worked up into a thick slippery lather, seems to work best. Al-



ways use a nice new blade and be very careful while shaving. It would be a shame to cut off anything other than hair! When you have finished, be sure to take a nice fluffy powder puff and pat on lots of baby powder. It feels great and you won't irritate the area when fucking.

You will be very happy with your baby-smooth mound. It makes walking in tight-croched pants very pleasurable, masturbating easier (no long coarse hairs get caught between fingers), and is so sweet to admire.

Your boyfriend may never let you grow your pubies back.

Enjoy,
Annie



Sweet Annie,

The talented singing cocksucker porn star Jody Maxwell is my favorite lady in the whole world. I have a great weakness for redheads. I would give my left nut to have an autographed, color picture of her. Damn, she gets me so hot!

Signed,
In love.

Dear In love,

Don't sweat it. Jody is a good friend of mine. I gave her your address and she will send you a shot of more than just the red hair on her head.

As for your left nut, thank you, but you better hold on to it.

Thank you for writing.

Annie

Dear Literature Lovers,

A very talented guy from San Diego, California wrote me this lovely little love poem. It was so well expressed, so moving and meaningful, I felt it should be documented in **Flick** for all the world and our future generations to cherish and enjoy.

Annie

Call Me A Masochist
by
Anonymous

Call me a masochist
call me a slave,
I need a woman
that can make me behave.

Call me an asshole,

call me a bore,
I want a woman
to humiliate me all the more.

Call me a fetishist,
call me a weirdo,
I like to lick pussy
with a bloody menstrual flow.

Call me queer,
call me a T.V.
I like to dress up
in women's lingerie.

Call me outrageous,
call me bizarre
I want to be
a porno star.



Tell me I am crazy,
tell me I've flipped.
I have an orgasm
when I am whipped.

Call me a masochist,
call me a slave.
I want a woman
that can make me behave.

Dear Anonymous,

Thank you for your poem. I really enjoyed it. Please send me some more.

Annie

Dear wonderful readers,

I thought it would be nice to share some of my past experiences with you once in a while.

This is an experience I had just after my 17th birthday, in those hippy days when I lived in Arizona.

I hope you enjoy it as much as I did.

Annie

(Continued on page 58)

IS HELEN READY?



"You bet your sweet fucking bippy, I am!" Helen says.
"I'm as ready and as randy as a roadrunner in heat. Christ, but there are times when I honestly think there's something wrong with me, always hot in the twat and loose with my juice. I enjoy sex more than I do eating . . . except eating cock, that is. But that's part of sex, too, isn't it? Ummm, oodles and oodles of men's noodles, with our own special cum sauce ladled all over!"

WE QUIT!

Because of recent court decisions, we're throwing in the towel... **closing out ALL our inventory.** Our bulging warehouse is loaded with \$1,250,000.00 worth of sexually oriented merchandise which we are offering at **85% to 90% off the list price.** There are **no gimmicks, no catches, no tricks.** This merchandise consists of items we bought for future mailings. **It's all NEW, 1st QUALITY and UP-TO-DATE,** and it must be disposed of immediately, because we are closing this company forever! Here's your chance to get sexually oriented books, magazines, films, novelties, electric gadgets, etc., at below wholesale prices.

NO GIMMICKS AND NO CATCHES Just an incredible film offer you won't be able to refuse... even if you don't own a projector

SUPERSTARS OF

PORNO IN BIG SCREEN FILMS

OFFER A

Sensational porno films like DEEP THROAT and THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES cost \$5 and up just to see once! Now, for **less than a single theater admission** you can own a full-length film with the **same superstar** performing every imaginable sex act for your **private** enjoyment. Not one, but **eight films**, so controversial that we are not permitted to name them in advertising.

We have had to change the titles, but the first time you see these films you will understand why. You won't continue to pay \$5 or more for a single movie ticket when you can own a film for the **same price** and watch a **top hardcore porno star** perform sexually at your command... as many times and as often as you like!

MONEY BACK PROTECTION

Because there are no other films that could compare with these, we **WILL NOT** make substitutions, we **WILL NOT** issue credits. If your order arrives too late to be filled, we will simply refund your money!

No. 1 TALENTED TONGUE

If you have seen DEEP THROAT you'll recognize this star instantly. Watch her now, nude and more passionate than ever, perform for you privately, doing things with men that have made her the queen of hardcore. If one of her acts turns you on... stop the action and play it again. You can't do that when you watch in the theater!

No. 2 BIG RAPE OFF

He gets her into a room and she beats and tears at him as he rips off her panties, pushes her skirt up over her breasts and forces himself between her legs. Do her frantic hip movements change from panic to ecstasy as he presses her? Judge for yourself in this super-realistic film!

No. 3 LEZ BE FRIENDS

Watch as the tortured girl's wild, sexual cravings inflame the nurse. The patient's fingers frantically caress her body until, in vividly photographed scenes, the young girl is finally calmed by her own climax at her nurse's skilled, loving hands.

No. 4 THE DEVIL IN HER

He tears off her blouse and bra until, her passions aroused, she tries to help him gain his love-goal. His frenzied thrusts and her groans are overheard by her mom & dad, and their sexual climax leads to a surprise ending.

Remember, these are not the usual cheapie, badly lit, poorly shot films that are often sold for \$25 or more! These are full feature 8mm films **made directly from the 16mm theater-class motion picture film** and are made available to you for only \$4.99 each. **But you must act now!**

No. 5 CLITS AND DICKS

A new, young model is taught every kind of sex by two virile males and her voluptuous girlfriend. At first she seals her lips tight. Then the other girl shows her how, and in a sexual feast you'll want to replay many times, her eager, moist lips show she has learned her lessons well.

No. 6 WET, HOT AND HORNY

The wedding night and the groom is nervous. She's waited so long that she casts aside all shame and bares her full, luscious body to him. He is startled, then aroused as she bares his manhood with trembling fingers and offers him her maidenhead.

No. 7 LEZ LESSON

Threatened with death, the terrified bride is forced to perform on the sex-starved gunman. But the wife becomes aroused and the gun is thrown aside as a close-up sequence shows how lovers parting silky female hair send the two women into writhing ecstasies of lesbian love.

No. 8 DR. BLACK JACK

The sex-driven, mentally disturbed girl has masturbation problems that the Richard Roundtree type psychiatrist tries to solve. She uses her hot lust to break his professional calm. The doctor-patient love scenes top anything yet filmed!

We don't want anyone left out of our **RARE** film offer, so if you don't own a **PROJECTOR**...



We have contracted with a well-known manufacturer to offer you this \$24.95 200-ft. viewer at our wholesale cost of only \$15... IF you purchase at least one reel of film. And despite the low cost, we will offer you a **90-day unconditional guarantee** on this precision machine that features an adjustable focus eye piece, nearly automatic 15-second threading, and a large, bright image. **Added bonus:** You can also use it on super-8mm film!

Special Rush Order Form

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$3 to cover additional postage & handling only.

OFFER A

- | | | | |
|---|--------|---|--------|
| ☐ Talented Tongue | \$4.99 | ☐ Clits & Dicks | \$4.99 |
| ☐ Big Rape Off | \$4.99 | ☐ Wet, Hot & Horny | \$4.99 |
| ☐ Lez Be Friends | \$4.99 | ☐ Lez Lesson | \$4.99 |
| ☐ The Devil In Her | \$4.99 | ☐ Dr. Black Jack | \$4.99 |
| ☐ I'm smart. Send me all 8 films | | | |

\$29.95

VIEWER

- ☐ I've ordered at least one film. Send viewer also
- ☐ I just want the viewer

\$15.00

\$24.95

OFFER B

- ☐ \$60 to \$100 value grab bag (extra large box)

\$ 5.74

OFFER C

- ☐ \$120 to \$200 value grab bag (gigantic box)

\$10.88

OFFER D

- ☐ Send me the book grab bag (at least 20 books)

\$12.00

EXTRA BIG SAVINGS

- ☐ Save me an extra \$16.27... send me all 8 films plus all 3 grab bags (B, C, & D)

\$50.00

You must send \$1 for postage & handling on all Film and Viewer orders. \$2 on all Grab Bag or Extra Big Savings orders.

R & A DISTRIBUTORS, Dept. FC-1
Box 1267, North Hollywood, Calif. 91604.

Name

Address

City State Zip

(Calif. res. add 6% sales tax.)

OFFER B

Would you give us \$5.74 for \$60 to \$100 worth of sexually oriented adult merchandise? **Of course you would!** That's right, since everything must go fast, we'll load an **extra large box** with its bursting point and guarantee sexually oriented merchandise valued to \$100... first come, first served! Orders will consist of **photo books, novels, case histories, oral copulators, unique French ticklers, marital aids, photos, magazines, vibrators, vaginas, penis extensions, etc.** Since this is a true grab bag, not every box will be the same — but you'll sure get the value. **All for only \$5.74.**

OFFER C

Same as Offer B... except the box will be **gigantic**, and we guarantee \$120 to \$200 worth of sexually oriented adult merchandise **PLUS** an extra surprise bonus absolutely **FREE**... **All for only \$10.88.**

OFFER D

Books... all the books you want to read... very adult... very sexy... very spicy! They're all here in this unbelievable grab-bag offer that contains everything from fiction to sex education and explicit case histories. A fabulous buy at a fraction of the original cost. You'll get at least 20 different books... **All for only \$12.00.**

EXTRA BIG SAVINGS

Save even more money...
buy all 8 films plus 3 grab bags — a total of \$68.27 — for only \$50.00.

LET MY PUPPETS COME

A mixed media porn epic
from the creator of "The Devil and Miss Jones"
brings X-rated films into the world of puppets!



Gerard Damiano and some of the stars of the movie.

■ When you are into Mr. Big for half a million and he gives you 24 hours to pay up—or else—what do you do? "There's only one way to make that kind of money in 24 hours. Make a porno flick—a dirty movie." So says Jimmy, the Western Union boy who has just delivered a telegram to a group of businessmen called the Creative Concepts. The telegram informs them that their latest venture, Big League bocci, has failed.

What follows is a hilarious spoof of the X-rated film business. Director Gerard Damiano—known for his more dramatic works, *The Devil in Miss Jones* and *The Story of Johanna*—spares no one and leaves no cliché unturned in what is sure to become one of the most talked-about films of the year.

Adding to the wackiness of a brilliant script is Damiano's decision to use hand-puppets to tell his story: aside from a few cameo appearances by live actresses, the characters are all

(Continued on page 21)



A "head" puppet in the act.



The "Creative Concepts" executive meeting in session.

"Now my dear, just because it's wood doesn't mean you'll get splinters!"



That will be 50 bucks.
honky!





*Are you gonna put that thing in me?
Just kiss it a little bit honey, notning more!
You call that a dildo?*





Working down to the wood-box.



I told you she was under age!



You want a hand-job or something better?

puppets designed and created especially for the film. Damiano pokes fun at the business of sex—his business—from massage parlors to sex shops.

Big business gets a going-over with a series of commercials for Climax watches, Lusterine mouthwash, and Sweetfish—a vaginal deodorant.

The cast of characters ranges from Miss Bliss, the Creative Concepts secretary, who wants to star in the film, to a velvet cocker spaniel who proves he really *is* a girl's best friend!

Among the film's highlights are several musical numbers with an original score by Bradford Craig and David Hollister. Dilettantes of the X-rated scene are guaranteed to throw down their raincoats and roll in the aisles, while those people who are seeing an X-rated film for the first time will kick themselves for having stayed away so long. ●

A LAZY DAY IN THE PARK

By Jordan McGillis

■ I live in Manhattan on West 72nd Street, right next to Central Park. During the summer I use the park as my office. I write articles on sex, so the quiet of the park makes a lovely background for me to work in. This past summer I had the strangest and horniest sex experience of my life—in Central Park.

Many years ago, this oasis-in-cement was the inspiration for the famous Broadway musical "Up in Central Park." In its early heydays, Central Park symbolized a less hectic pace of living than what we have today. Before the "horseless carriages" changed our daily lives, Sunday at Central Park was the only place to be. Women wore the original "maxi" hoop skirts and twirled parasols, while the men wore straw hats and played the ukelele. The park was filled with endless varieties of hansoms and other horse-drawn carriages.

Today, Central Park is still an oasis though its reputation and its appearance could both use a thorough house-cleaning. Nevertheless, it still draws throngs of strollers, lovers, families and tourists: it still offers a limited escape for those who love trees, grass (both kinds), lakes and blue skies uninterrupted by skyhigh metal buildings.

On any summer weekend, the park is filled with bike riders, volley ball players, kite flyers, frisbee fanatics, musicians, artists, soothsayers, etc. Families hold picnics, joggers jog, lovers hold hands and, for a few hours, the city is at peace.

One tradition from the "good ole days" still abides, and that's the horse-drawn carriages. This is where my story begins. I always sit on a particular bench where I can survey the walkers, joggers, bike riders and hansoms that pass directly in front of me. During the past two years, I've become friendly with some of the hansom drivers. When their carriages trot by, they usually stop to say hello and we exchange friendly greetings. Most of the passengers are tourists or newly-weds, though this summer the drivers had one of their better years, thanks to the Democratic Convention. Though most of the carriages are open, occasionally a closed hansom trots by plugging a particular restaurant, etc.

It was noontime on Monday and the park was pretty empty, except for park employees picking up a million beer bottles from Sunday's crowd. The sound of hoofbeats made me look up and I saw a large, black hansom (with blinds pulled down) come into view. It looked like a plug for a gothic mystery film. I recognized the driver, Hank Reiner, a medical student. Hank was from Iowa and this was a nice way of earning some extra bread. Hank enjoyed my articles and I always gave him the magazines they appeared in.

As Hank neared me, he put a finger to his lips. He pulled the reins and the horse stopped. While he asked me in a loud voice how I was, he pointed to the inside of the hansom as if to say, "You wouldn't believe what's inside." Probably newly-weds petting.

Suddenly, a lovely feminine voice asked why the carriage had stopped. A blind pulled up and I was in love! A heavenly-looking young blonde woman looked out at me. Her face was breath-taking; she had to be a model. She gave me a long stare and then a short smile and disappeared. Hank said goodbye and the hansom moved away.

(Continued on page 47)



Jeanine Dalton striking a sexy school-girl pose.



Sweet Cakes

Sweet Cakes is a sexual pot-supper;
it has incest, three-somes, animal
husbandry, S&M and Jennifer Welles.
A film dedicated to everyone's
fantasy, it's guaranteed to make
you stain the theatre
seats at least once!



Linda Wong showing off her delicious Oriental Cookie.





A rural threesome "deep inside" the Dixie part of the picture.



Double teaming Rebel cock

Sweet Cakes



**Brooke and
Taylor Young are
legitimate twins
and they
take porn into
areas of incest**



**that border
on the fantastic,
the two
young sisters
use their
fingers and tongues
on each other !**





Linda Wong eating some suki-yaki and playing stink-finger.



That really helped my acne!

Gee, will it really get bigger if I put it in my mouth?





A meeting of the East & West—straight cock meets slanted mouth!

**Possibly the kinkiest movie of the year,
Sweet Cakes covers every perversion and yen
devised by porn lovers.
Definitely a movie to see and enjoy in the com-
pany of a wench!**

On A Quiet Day At A Whore House

Editor's note:

Since Al Hazrad (Ali al Hazrad) left his native Turkey about a year ago, he has lived in New York City, as happy as a pig in shit. He was the writer for two recent porn movies, Carter Stevens' *Teenage Twins*, and the soon-to-be-released independent production, *Vampire Lust*. He has also worked, under a variety of pen names, for such straight publications as *The New York Times*, *the Village Voice*, *High Times* and *Screw* magazine.

Recently, Al honored the pages of *He and She* with the first section of his erotic autobiography *Rings of Power*, a sick little story about pierced earrings. . . well, not exactly ear rings, if you know "where" we mean. We are pleased to announce that the present story carries on the glorious Hazrad tradition of sexual weirdness. It also happens to be absolutely true. As Al says, "only the name of the whorehouse has been changed, to protect the less-than-innocent."

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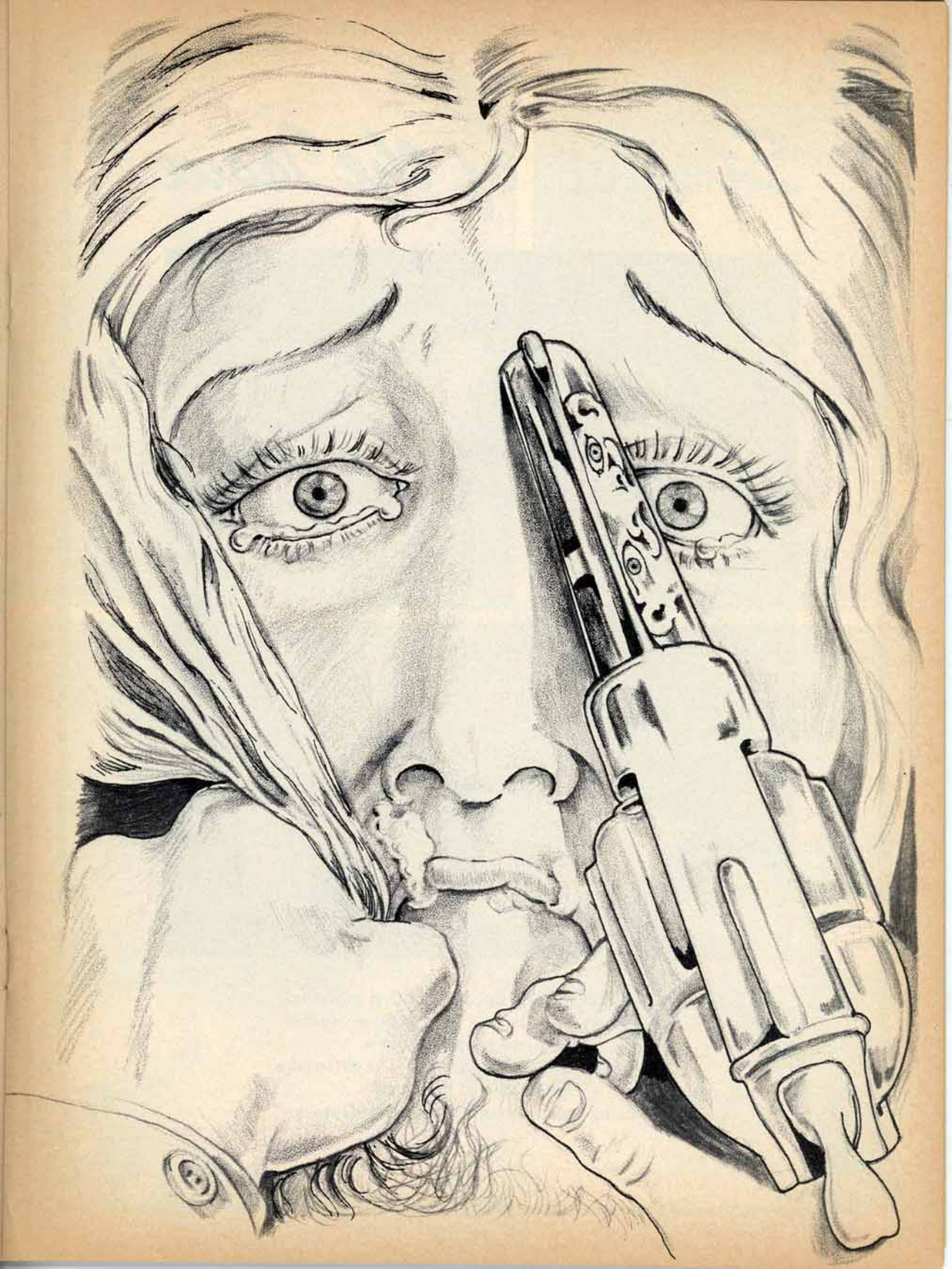
■ When I first came to New York City from Istanbul, a green Turk in the Big Apple, I landed a simply *marvelous* job within a week: I became the Advertising Director for a whorehouse. I very much enjoyed telling people what I did for a living: "And what do you do?" It has a nice ring to it, yes? But, of course, as is the case with so many things in life, my job was not quite as intriguing as it sounded.

If you have ever read any of the sex tabloids from New York or the West Coast, no doubt you've seen those funky ads on the back pages which go something like: "SABRINA'S GIRLS COME TO YOU!!! Just give us a call and within *minutes* one (or more!) of our delightfully charming, voluptuous models will be on her way to your apartment or hotel. . . you name it, we've got it. . . you *dream* of it. . . our models can *DO* it!!!" Or words to that effect. If you have never in fact called one of the numbers given in such ads, perhaps you've been wondering if they are for real. Well, I cannot speak for everyone, but the ads which I placed, in a certain New York sex tabloid, were quite definitely the real thing.

Once a week I went to a posh apartment on Manhattan's Upper East Side. Since "Sabrina's Girls" was just an outgoing service (no whoring took place in the apartment) it resembled nothing so much as an office: four or five separate phones, all answered either by Sabrina or her business associate Jerry, a petulant but harmless young queen from Brooklyn. Usually in the afternoon there would be two or three whores of either sex (Sabrina advertised both male and female prostitutes) sitting around waiting to be sent out on calls. Sabrina's girls, by the way, were not exactly a mid-Western Bible kisser's version of The Painted Woman. Normal and attractive looking for the most part, none were street whores. Hence they didn't have to wear the obvious, revealing and gaudy costumes which street hookers need so they can be identified by potential customers from two blocks away as cunt for sale. Nope, if you were to meet one of Sabrina's girls on the street, you'd pay no more (or less) attention to her than you would to any reasonably attractive woman.

But returning to the details of my job: once a week I would go up to the apartment. There I would receive one of those long thin pay envelopes with flaps at the end. I would open the envelope and count out 625 dollars, mainly in crisp, new 50's and 20's. The amount thus verified, I would leave with the money. I would take a taxi to the lower-Manhattan offices of that certain sex tabloid I mentioned earlier. There I would pay for 625 dollars worth of back page ads of the style and flavor which I also mentioned earlier. But since I was an "agent"

(Continued on page 59)



Starlet of the Issue



Anne Jackson just finished her first porn flick. The poor thing is very tired and very sore—she's had to take about a dozen guys and her box feels it. "I've got to take good care of her, she's my living and my favorite hobby rolled into one!"











**"Somehow airing it out seems to help.
And since I've been spreading my legs all day
anyway, a few more moments
won't hurt my aching slit. Of course it is hard to
keep my fingers out of my
meat-pie, but tomorrow is another day of wall-
to-wall cock, so I'd better just
rest and dream.**

The Unexpected Switch

By Jara X.

■ I watched him coming towards me, his young lithe body swinging easily through the sand dunes. The blackness of his skin stood out against the white sands and the white sun behind him.

I crossed my legs tightly, trying to control the juices already bubbling up in my cunt. The mere sight of these boys set my blood boiling and my cunt soaking.

My hand rested on my right breast, seductively holding my nipple between my fingers beneath the flimsy piece of silk which passed for a bikini top. My mind's eye could see his pink tongue flitting back and forth across the nipple as he tried to prove his "acting" ability. I almost came from the thought of it. I stood up to greet him, letting my hands follow the flow of my body, around the curve of my waist and down over my voluptuous hips. Finally, resting on my mound, I held my lips puckered out between two fingers.

He moved closer, more slowly now, almost in a dance-like movement. I could hardly control myself. My cunt was aching for the already visibly growing cock beneath his swim trunks. His movements were maddening. Every muscle in his body rippled as though it were dancing an exquisite ballet. His black skin shone in the sunlight, and his eyes bore into mine with promises of ecstasy and pain such as I'd never known.

I had flashes of marathon fucking, a constantly hard cock, a 14 year old magnificent

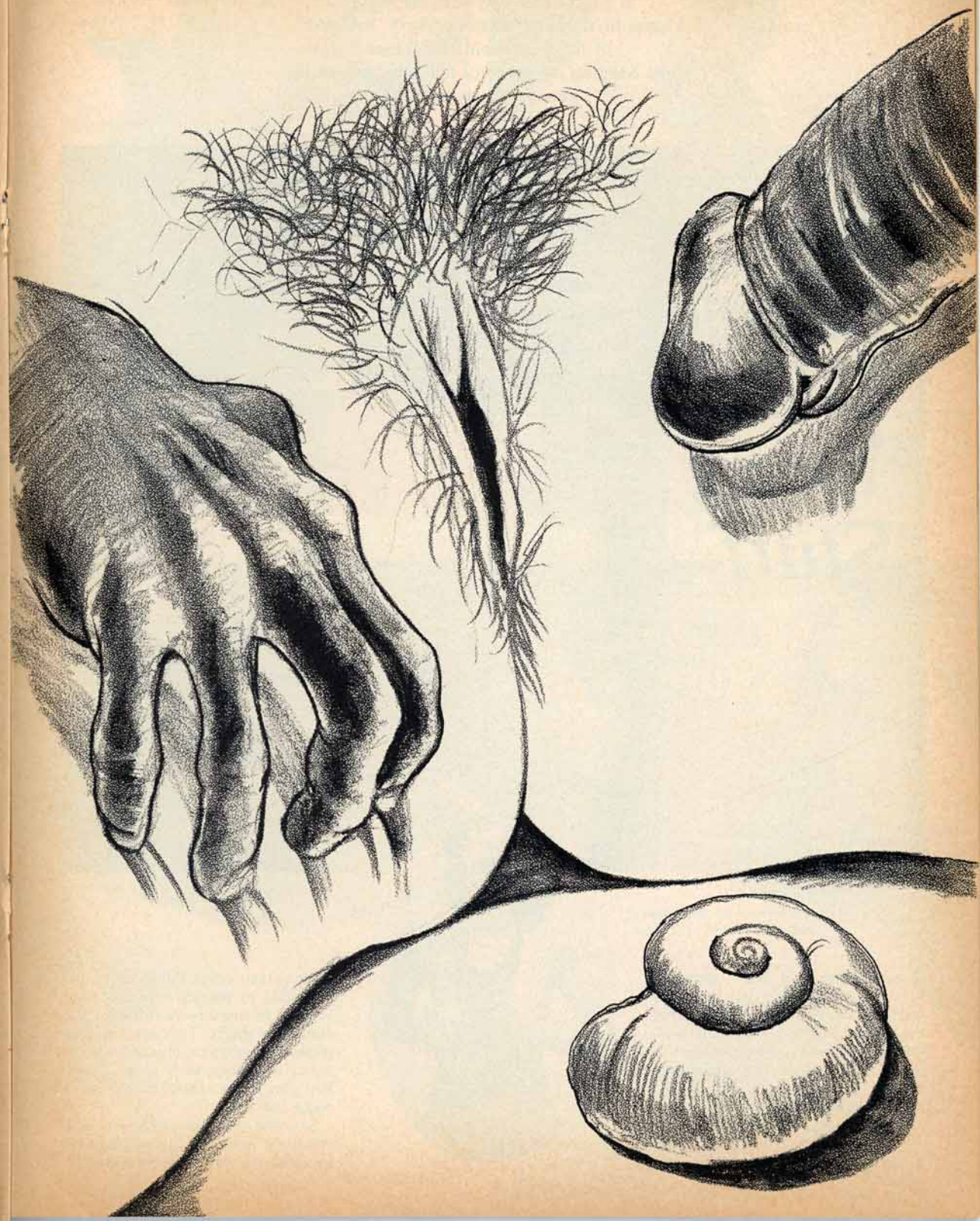
specimen out to prove he could fuck in the movies better than any other fuck star. God, how I loved my job. I stood there eyeing him, his hardness, his youth, his animal poise. His white teeth flashed at me and I could see them gnashing against my skin within moments, his black skin against my own, his cock pounding into me.

"So you want to fuck for the movies do you?" I asked trying to maintain some semblance of a business-like procedure.

He moved closer and I knew my tits were rising and falling furiously as my breathe came faster and my heart began to beat wildly under his penetrating gaze. This kid had something special. He knew it and I knew it. He'd been born to fuck. I could feel it hanging there in the few inches still between us.

Without a word, he lifted me from my feet, his powerful hands encircling my waist and ripped my bikini bottom with one yank. My feet fell over his shoulders as he held me up, my cunt directly at his mouth. His tongue flicked into my hot box instantly and his lips encircled my clit. I was already so hot from watching him and imagining what we'd be doing, that three sucks from his thick, delicious lips brought me off. I fell back, with him falling next to me as he whispered, "I guess you're Sheryl, the producer of this film I heard about." His sing-song voice thrilled me with its deepness and musical quality.

(Continued on page 63)



A horny and very sexy teenager comes to visit and takes on every "member" of the household and leaves them begging for more of her snapping-turtle teenage pussy galore!

The Trouble With Young Stuff



Finding a stiff clit can be fun.

Putting on make-up and playing clown—X-rated, of course.

■ Alice Anne and Rose share an apartment. And while they are out of work and unable to afford the luxuries they would like, life isn't all that bad. After all, they always have their men to lean on when the going gets especially rough.

In actuality, Jack and Norman are easy-going guys. After a hard day on the job as a truck driver and a stevedore, the fellows are anxious to get

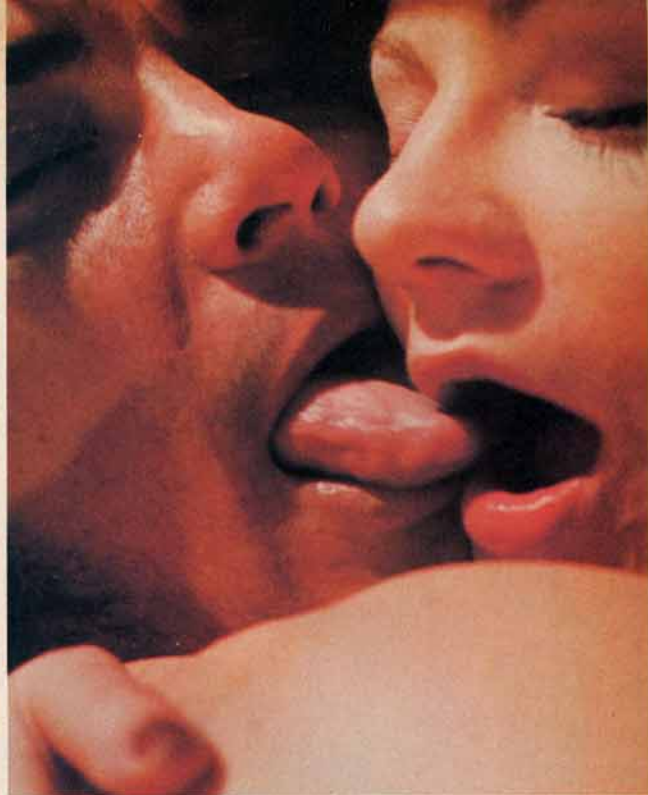


home to their ladies. Following supper they relax by playing a friendly game of chess, belting down a stiff drink and discussing sports. They are, in many respects, your typical blue collar worker, striving desperately to get ahead, but usually just about managing to make ends meet.

Sex-wise, everyone seems content. When the lights are lowered and the blinds drawn tight, both couples retire



Checking out the meat before eating it.



I got a tongue, you got a tongue!



How to drive a woman insane quickly.

I think I've found the magic button!



Playing a solo on her organ.



to separate bedrooms to prepare for a good night's sleep—after a nice round of down-home screwing.

Everything is as it should be, until one day Alice Anne receives a letter from her niece. Mathilda writes of her plans to visit, explaining that she has absolutely no intention of getting in anybody's hair.

However, Alice Anne isn't so sure.

There is enough kinky sex to make the most jaded and faded porn buff come alive and start beating his throbbing meat at the screen! The women are hot and willing and the action gets bigger and faster till it comes all over the audience!

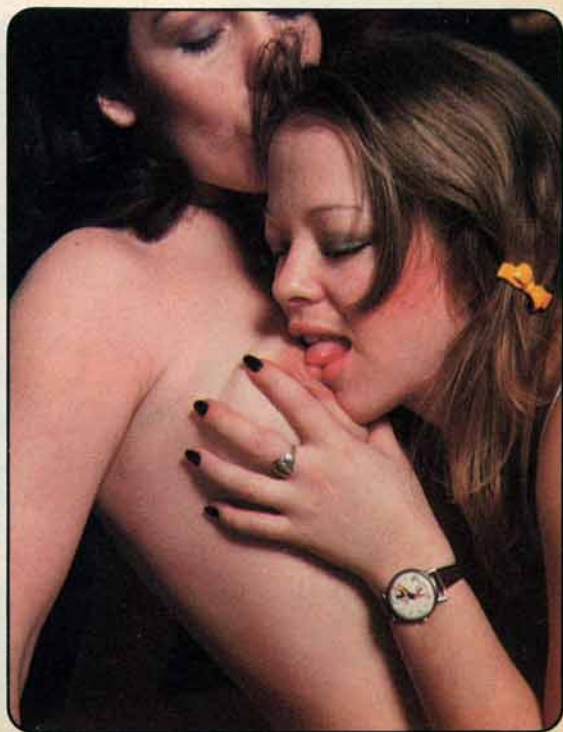
Her words are prophetic. "Things have a way of changing when someone new is around. . ."

Soon after Mathilda's arrival, the entire household is turned upside down. Strutting her still-maturing body, the teenage "hellcat" is out to put the make on anyone and everyone who chances to come her way. She is pos-



Double-teaming her ass to pass the day.

The old cucumber trick about to be performed.





Sitting pretty and feeling good.

Tastes good like a tit should!





A little pre-dinner snack.



A 'soul' kiss between lovers.

The Trouble With Young Stuff

her boyfriends. Dinah willingly confines how she discovered what the milkman's vital dimensions are: "I came home one afternoon and found Mom with his pecker in her mouth. He comes to see her regularly and always slips her some select egg whites, right on the living-room rug."

Before much longer, Mathilda, Dinah and Lane have seduced Rose, who, even though she has guilt feelings, has to admit she thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon festivities. Shortly thereafter, Mathilda and Alice Anne rekindle a Lesbian relationship that dates back to their childhood. And



The face of a contented and coming woman.

essed of a sexual appetite so extreme that it cannot be easily satiated.

Among her many conquests is Lane (in real life a 6'4" quarterback for a college football team), the local milkman, whom all the women in the neighborhood affectionately refer to as "the white knight"—apparently sampling his wares on a regular basis. Mathilda is first introduced to the husky stud by Dinah, a sparkly-eyed girl who uses the apartment to meet with

even Jack and Norman aren't to be left out, as the house quakes with the sensuous sounds of their amusements.

The Trouble With Young Stuff is an explicit, hard-core film for adults. It has some of the kinkiest footage imaginable. The scenes of a gigantic cucumber being utilized as a dildo are not to be believed. Who would ever think that John C. Holmes (alias Johnny Wadd) would get competition from a vegetable?

NOSTALGIA DEPT.

or what our fathers did with their spare time

The current rage of sado-masochism and dominance is not new, it's just that people are no longer looking the other way. With all the films, books and articles on the subject that have recently dominated our sexual thoughts, you'd think it was some sort of a new kick. But these "kinks," I mean kicks, were around then also, as witnessed, by just a sampling of photos from a generation ago.



ride an uncocked horse



discrimination or dominance?

As I watched it go, it made an abrupt turn and came back. Hank smiled strangely and beckoned me over. I got up from my bench. I certainly wanted to see that face again. The door opened and a goddess got out. She was about 5'7", long blonde hair, piercing green eyes and wearing blue-jean shorts, a halter and wedgies. She had the most sensuous face and lips I'd ever seen!

When she spoke, I fell in love with her British accent, too. Hank had told her that I wrote erotic articles and investigated different sexual trends. I showed her a magazine that had one of my articles (and my picture) in it. She studied me carefully, then asked if I wanted "some material for a possible article," but only on her conditions. No names, no introductions between us and no questions asked at whatever I see. Otherwise, I'd have to go back to my bench. I accepted. She shook my hand like we made a business deal and asked me to join her in the carriage. As God is my witness, this was the adventure of my life!

When I closed the carriage door behind me, I saw two naked, beautiful brunettes going down on each other in the front seat! The blonde goddess anticipated me. "No questions, remember?" Either watch or join in! The two young women hadn't even acknowledged my presence, except to move slightly when I sat down on the rear seat. Immediately, I got hard watching lovely faces and long, pink tongues buried in each other's snatch!

While the two brunettes moaned and slurped over each other, the blonde removed her halter and jeans. She stuck a gorgeous behind right in my face when she pulled down her jeans. I didn't hesitate. I grabbed her behind, but she told me to get undressed first. When I was naked, she smiled devilishly and stretched her body out on the seat so that her beautiful face rested on my naked thighs. My mind kept screaming this was some incredible dream, but when her tongue started to lick my balls, dream or no dream, something was happening!

The brunettes stopped and finally said hello. They, too, were English. They both rose to a sitting position to watch me and my goddess. Then one of the girls went to her knees, leaning her face over the blonde's behind. Slowly, her hands pried open the blonde's buttocks and she began to spit saliva in between the crack! I went nuts! When the blonde's behind was covered with spit, the brunette

A LAZY DAY IN THE PARK

plunged her long tongue deep inside the crevice! The blonde's asshole was enormous! She must have been greeked since she was born! As the brunette's tongue drilled away, the blonde squirmed and shoved my prick inside her mouth! Boom! My cum splattered inside her jaws! But instead of gulping it down, she turned her face to the other brunette sitting quietly watching the scene.

Then she, too, knelt down, but with her pretty mouth right next to the blonde's lips. I watched in disbelief as my hot cum was transferred from the blonde's mouth to the other girl's mouth. The brunette fingered her clit



as she savored my thick, warm semen, but now she wouldn't swallow it either. And whatever dripped out on her chin was licked up by the blonde.

The brunette then moved over to her friend, whose tongue was still churning the blonde's asshole. The friend moved her face and tongue away, but pulled the blonde's buttocks open even more. Again I gaped in disbelief not only at the scene, but at the size of her asshole. The brunette, with the mouthful of cum, opened her mouth and let it fall inside my goddess' rectum. The other girl cried out and again buried her face in the fantastic asshole! I expected her tongue to emerge from out of her vagina. She suctioned out all my semen. The three girls trembled almost simultaneously and had strong climaxes.

Moments later, the blonde pulled out from somewhere two large, black

dildoes. They were strange dildoes as the prick tops unscrewed. "One can pour all kinds of liquids inside," the blonde explained. "Will you accommodate us with your piss?" I stammered in shock, but the blonde said very politely that if I found it "disgusting," they'd take me back to my bench. I pissed into both dildoes and the prick tips were screwed back into place.

One of the brunettes sat back on the seat. The other one went between her legs, spread them open and began to ram the black dildo up her cunt! She fucked the pussy with short, hard and confident strokes. The blonde used her dildo on the brunette's breast and face, stopping only to push it in and out of her own mouth.

The brunette started groaning and moaning. I already had another erection! As the brunette began to quiver, the girl fucking her cunt increased her strokes and then it happened! As the brunette started her orgasm, the girl pressed the dildo and my piss splashed inside her vagina! The blonde pressed her dildo and more urine splashed out, on her breasts, her face and a goodly portion—my God—down her throat! She swallowed the piss like it was a life-giving nectar!

Both the blonde and the other brunette were gathering up the piss dripping out of the cunt. When the blonde started chewing the girl's breasts, I squeezed down behind my goddess and thrust my cock into her gifted asshole! It was like a fantastic velvet glove snugly fitted over my prick! I fucked and she bucked right back! When the brunette had her fill of the pissy vagina, she moved to my side. Her right hand helped my cock batter the blonde's ass, while two fingers of her left hand looked for my own entrance. She stuck her fingers inside the blonde's pussy and wet my hole with her secretions! Now I began to buck!

The blonde's face had disappeared between the other girl's thighs and my piss was licked dry. Suddenly, the brunette's fingers broke through inside my asshole! Not only did I explode in that beautiful asshole, but the brunette being eaten climaxed and gushed out a new batch of golden water all over the blonde's face! As I collapsed on the floor, my brunette took her index finger which had a few "brown flakes" of me on it and thrust it into the blonde's waiting mouth! Again there was a rash of orgasms!

I couldn't resist saying, "You're the most beautiful perverts I've ever met!"

(Continued on page 57)

The Affairs Of Janice



The rich, affluent and bored suburbanites are constantly on the lookout for new pleasure conquests and bodies to play with!

■ A hot and sensuous look at sex in the suburbs, *The Affairs Of Janice* is set in a well-heeled Westchester County-type locale, where amidst the cocktail party chit-chat and behind the azaleas and the facade of upper middle-class comfort, the rich, the bored and the beautiful play out their passions.

The film explores those passions which range from a simple summertime love affair to the more complex emotions of frustration and jealousy, leading eventually to an unleashed hatred that manifests itself in the film's brutally bizarre climax. *The Affairs Of Janice* is really three interperate stories in one: the story of a man and a woman, the story of a woman torn between a natural love and her strange affection for another woman, and the story of a man whose artistic and masculine frustrations are bent to the point of insanity.



A bit of S&M will add some fun to any party!



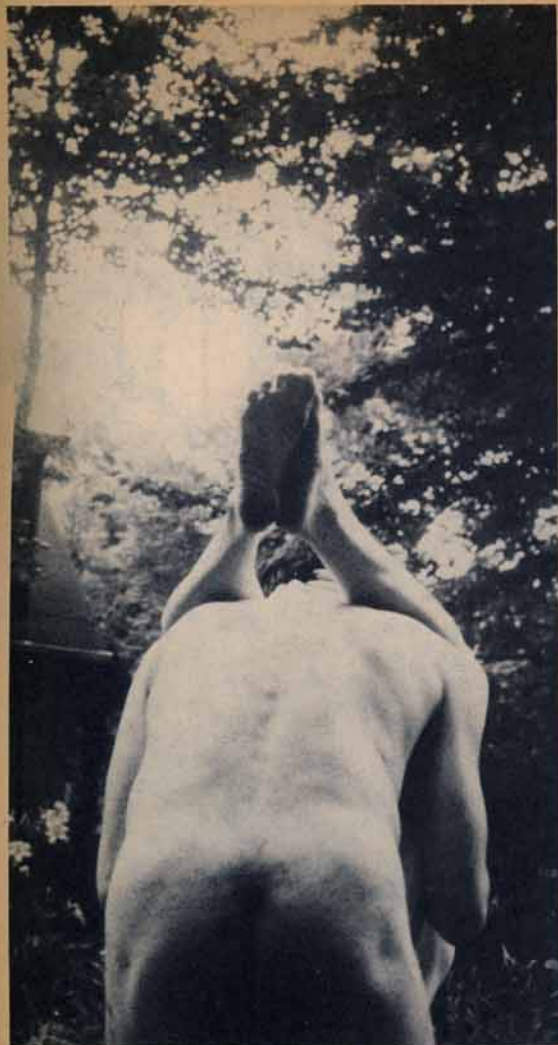
Ras Keene playing Chief Silver-Cock.

C.J. Laing getting a deep-water fuck.





*A little lezzie action by the side of the pool.
Everything tastes better outdoors!*



A little dip among the flowers!

As the action moves from the luxurious gardens of a suburban estate, out to the expansive and verdant lawns, from the sanctity of the artist's studio to his trendy swimming pool, bath house and verandas, this film provides the viewer with some of the most richly appointed and candidly provocative outdoor settings yet to be seen on the X-rated screen.

Wealthy artist George King (Zebedy Colt) tells the whole story which begins at a poolside cocktail party where his bored companions tease each other with dirty-word games and throw emotional darts at each other's gin-inflated egos. George, who drinks too much, confronts his wife Martha (Crystal Harris) about their frigid marriage. She spitefully antagonizes him but admits she's never been unfaithful with another man.

A fuck and suck opus dealing with the Country Club set, *The Affairs of Janice* offers good fucking and pretty people and a wide assortment of come shots and kinky scenes.



Finger-lickin' good!

Meanwhile George has invited the languidly sensuous Janice (C.J. Laing) to study with him for a few weeks. He's crazy about her, but so is his male model Kirk (Ras Keen). Martha, it seems has also known Janice and is clandestinely looking forward to a torrid summertime reunion with her.

Martha is livid when she discovers Kirk and Janice together and forces them to share their love with her. George discovers the trio in their erotic poolside encounter and becomes enraged.

Unable to deal with his overwhelming and unbridled jealousy, George gives free reign to his psychopathic emotions. *The Affairs of Janice* comes to a paroxysmal and bloody conclusion as the deranged artist indulges his sadistic fantasies of sexual revenge. ●

SEMIEN, OVERBOARD!

By J.D. Gordon

My name is Charlie Steeg and I'm a 23-year old tenor saxophonist with the jazz-rock group *Manhattan Properties*. Right now, our group is in the midst of negotiating a record contract with a major label, which could be the break we've been working for.

I started playing professionally when I was sixteen and worked all kinds of jobs, good, bad and strange. As I'm considered a fairly-attractive young guy, I've also been fortunate to have had a few sexual experiences, mostly with "groupies" that hang around musicians.

Lots of people think that rock musicians are forever having wild orgies. In truth, they're not that many and they're not that wild. The few orgies I've participated in were the usual fucking and sucking, but much of the time was spent listening to records while stoned. Though the chicks I balled were pretty enough, their sexual experience was not that great. Neither, I must add, was my own.

I mention all this because of an experience I had last month that was so wild sexually, I'll remember it to my dying day—unless, that is, I go through it again. But as I've indicated, my regular channels of sex was with girls my age or in their teens. I had never thought of the "older woman" syndrome or older people in general when it came to sex. By old, I don't mean thirty; I mean the middle-aged people. And I'm not saying this as a put-down in any way, but being 23 I was involved in my own things and my own peer group.

I happen to be a very good musician, having studied music since I was eight. I got a phone call from a friend of mine who works at the Musician's Union. Some bandleader had an emergency situation. One of his regular saxophonists was stricken with appendicitis and he needed a good musician to take his place that particular night. Would I fill in for the guy?

Since my own group was in between bookings that week, why not? The pay was good and the job sounded like fun. It was on a small cruise ship going up the Hudson River, an ideal way to kill a hot August night and get paid for it as well.

The band was a sixteen-piece "swing band" put together to recreate the Glenn Miller sound. My friend said the ship was booked by a private organization and the evening was a "Salute to Swing." Great! It'd be fun to play the old charts that my parents loved so much like "In The Mood," "Tuxedo Junction," etc. Besides, lots of young jazz musicians today play the records of Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington and so many others. Hell, Woody Herman and Buddy Rich are still going strong today.

When I checked in at Pier 47, a crowd of people, mostly middle-aged, were already boarding the ship. The ship had three decks, dance room, dining room and countless staterooms. The night was beautiful, the moon was full and I looked forward to playing. I met the bandleader and the musicians, introduced myself and took out my sax.

The musicians realized I was a great deal younger than them, but as they heard me warm up it was instant friendship. There's a definite bond between all musicians, regardless of age, race and creed.

We rehearsed a few numbers and then the crowd began filing in. One little known advantage musicians have when they play a date is the opportunity to scan, gaze and ogle the people they're playing to. Usually, I'll pick out a chick and give her the eye and before long I'll know if she's interested or not. But I wasn't thinking of that on this particular job. I was impressed, however, with how nice the crowd looked; the men were well-groomed and the ladies expensively dressed. On closer inspection, as they crowded around the bandstand, a number of these fortyish ladies were damn well attractive!

Meanwhile, the ship sounded its own horn and the boat started moving. Everyone cheered as Mickey (the bandleader) kicked off the tempo and we went into "A String of Pearls." Couples started jitterbugging and there were lots of smiles, laughs and drinks. Everyone was happy! As the band played on, I even got lusty applause for my solo efforts.

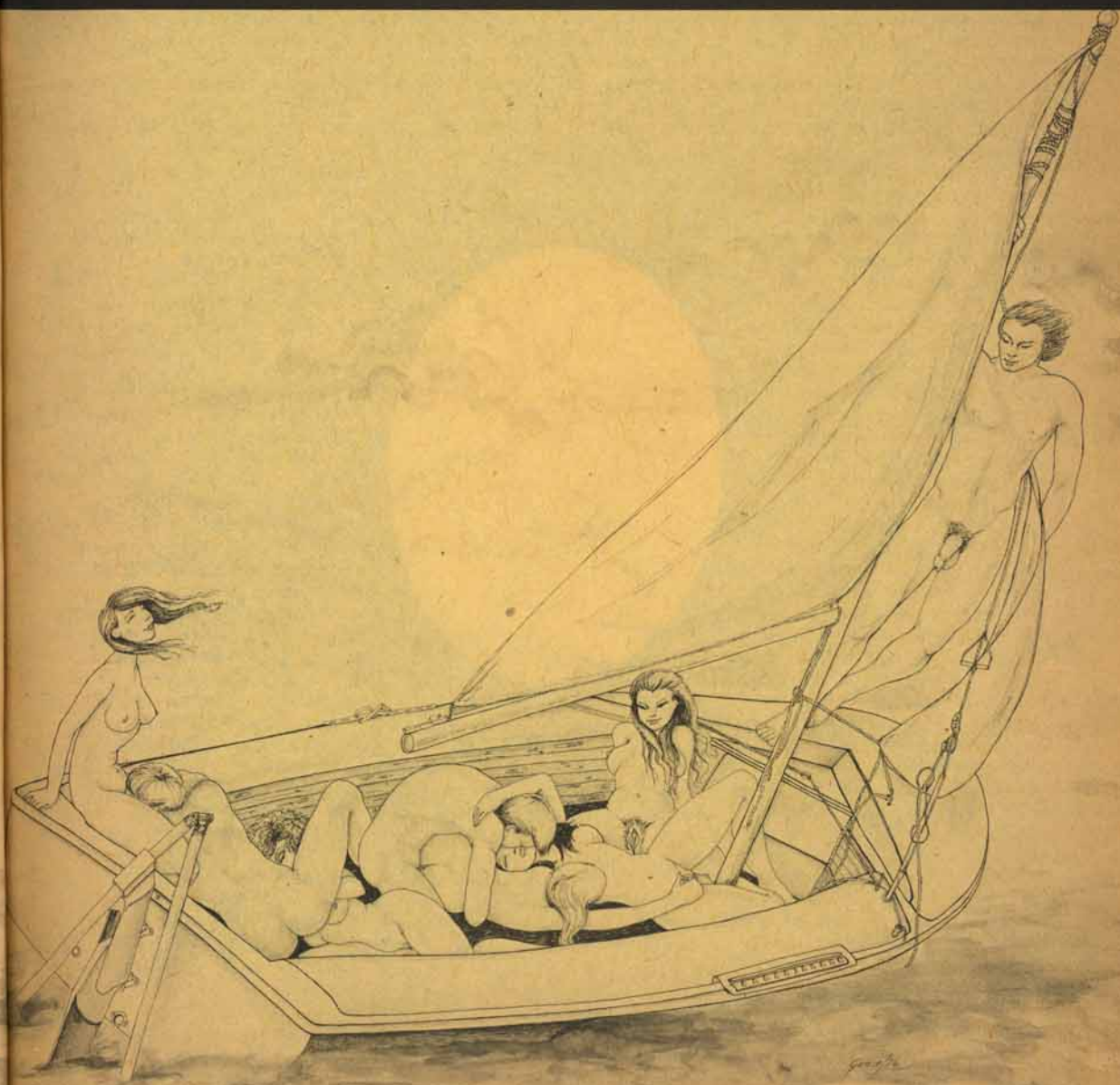
After thirty minutes, we had an intermission. I headed for the deck to dig the ocean. When I reached the

deck, I immediately freaked out! There was a couple on a deck chair, or I should say the woman was in the chair. She was a lovely-looking blonde with very striking features, one of which was two, large, naked exposed tits. What freaked me was the guy! He was straddling the chair, naked from the waist down, and plunging a huge prick into the blonde's mouth! She was being throat-fucked! My reflex action was to split; don't bother them. I turned to the right and freaked out

again!

Lying on mattresses on the deck were two couples, all naked except for wedgies on the women and the women were ravishing beauties! One brunette lady was on her side while a heavy-set man was fucking her cunt from the rear. The brunette's head was buried on another man's crotch and from the way her head bobbed up and down, she had a mouthful of prick meat inside!

The other woman, a gorgeous, tall



redhead was directing all the action. Just the way she spoke got me hot. "Suck Harry's prick hard, Doris. Make him shoot his hot cum down your throat." Suddenly, the redhead spotted me! Before I could run away, she called me over!

The two couples recognized me as the "nice young handsome musician." Imagine my shock when the redhead started fondling my balls through my pants. Before I could ask what was going on, it was time to get back to the band. The redhead insisted I come back and when she grabbed the bulge in my pants, I didn't know whether to be embarrassed or turned on. The others laughed as I left.

Another shock! When I entered the dance room, couples were undressing each other or already naked! The musicians seemed to enjoy my obvious and total confusion. Mickey finally said that the "Salute to Swing" was actually a "Salute to Swingers" and that the private group was a swinger's convention. And that everyone, including the band, was allowed to "join in the fun." If, he added, you don't mind "older folks."

I couldn't wait until the next break. I was already flubbing my music, watching the "dancing couples" in front of me. As we played "Moonlight Serenade," couples were squeezing pricks, pulling breasts and actually fucking while dancing! Who the hell could concentrate with this going on! When intermission came, I made a beeline for the deck. I never got there.

I was stopped by three, pretty naked women who invited me into their stateroom. Their invitation was in the form of six, soft hands pulling my body inside. I accepted. New shocks! Inside the stateroom's bathroom were two other people. One was a sexy-looking blonde sitting on the toilet seat! Her hands were tightly clasped around the behind of a giant black man and her thin, little white fingers were digging inside the crack of the black ass! My eyes must have popped out!

The other three women undressed me, stopping every now and then to suck each other's breasts or stroke their vaginas. My cock popped out and gulped for air. But one of the women gulped it down her throat instead! The second woman laid down behind me and I felt my buttocks being slowly pulled apart. Then the exciting feeling of a tongue licking my asshole swept over me. The third woman was sucking all four nipples of the other two.

I heard the black cat say, "Eat it good, baby, and I'll give you a special chaser besides the cum juice you're

SEMEN, OVERBOARD!

gonna' drink!" This flipped out my third woman and she left the bed and dashed into the john. She knelt down behind the large, black ass, and Jesus, she pulled out the blonde woman's fingers that were deeply imbedded in the black asshole and began to lick them! I almost shot my load!

The woman doing my cock now began stuffing my balls in her mouth! The woman sucking my anus must've been an asshole addict. She kept spitting saliva into my hole and was using her tongue as a flesh corkscrew! And I thought "older" women were square!



Suddenly, the black cried out and he pushed the blonde's head hard into his belly! He exploded so much churning cum in the lady's mouth that it trickled out of the corners of her lips! Another shock! Instead of swallowing the semen, the blonde pulled the other lady's face to hers and then opened her mouth. Large gobs of sticky semen was transferred from tongue to tongue! Then the blonde woman asked for the "chaser." After what the black cat did, I became shock-proof! He began to urinate on the faces of both women and, to my utter amazement, they not

only pulled his pissing cock closer to their faces, but actually drank his yellow piss! That did it! I pumped my own young cum juice in the mouth of my woman and she and the other lady shared it between them. I staggered back to the bandstand.

Intermission. This time I went out another door and headed for the deck. No way. An incredibly-beautiful woman, a Monique Van Vooren type, naked except for knee-high boots, blocked my way. When I say "blocked," I meant the corridor was blocked. This fortyish goddess was lying on her back, her beautiful face and grey eyes looking up at me. Oh, yes, there were two guys, built like football players, working on her body.

One brute had his joint in between her breasts, which were as large as she was beautiful. Behind him and fucking her cunt was the second guy. At the rate he was stroking (march tempo) he wasn't going to last too long. The woman said there was room for me to join in. She spoke with a very cultured, English accent.

As I decided whether to fuck her mouth or kiss it—I was falling in love with her already—she made her own decision. She ordered me (not asked) to stick my toes in her mouth! I was not that shock-proof! I stammered out that my feet were probably smelly and sticky from the hot weather. "That's the turn-on, kid!" she said. She grabbed my foot and rubbed it all over her smooth-skinned face. Did I mention that by now all us hard-working musicians were as naked as the others?

As I stood over the woman, who sucked each of my toes like they were midget penises, the man screwing her cunt groaned and shot off his load. That cued the burly guy on her breasts and his semen splattered over the lady's tits! Both men grunted thanks and split. Out of nowhere came a young brunette about my age and she went down on the lady. The girl had to be the only other person on the ship in my age bracket. But it was not the time to ask her who she was. She was busy sucking the semen out of the woman's pussy and the way her tongue slurped it up, this girl knew what she was doing!

I was too aroused to continue the toe bit, so I bent down and lowered my cock into the woman's beautiful mouth. She forced it down further inside her throat. I groaned, she moaned and this triggered the young girl into a further eating frenzy! She cleaned out the twat and now started for the

(Continued on page 56)

(Continued from page 8)

other two men. Kneeling behind the men's buttocks were the other women—a stunning, platinum blonde and a gorgeous black girl! The black girl had the most enormous jugs in the world! Both of these women buried their faces in two of the men's assholes, while they were fingering the anuses of the other two!

When the men ejaculated—four cocks into two gaping mouths—tons of hot, sticky semen splashed over the women's faces, let alone what they avidly swallowed! As the men staggered away, the two women who had been sucking behinds hugged the other women and licked the semen off their faces. The redhead stuck out her tongue, which had a large gob of semen on it, and the platinum blonde licked it off with her active tongue!

I joined the festivities! I was fascinated by the size of the beautiful black girl's tits and had to taste them! I laid on my back and one tit alone covered my entire face! The brunette mounted me and plunged her cunt down on my prick. As the black pushed her tit down my throat, she shifted a bit and my eye picked up the other two women. The wild, platinum blonde was shoving her fingers inside the redhead's vagina, drawing them out and licking her fingers and inserting them again. I lost control and shot my wad of goo up the brunette's snug cunt! As I finally relaxed, I watched dumbfounded as the brunette got off me and thrust her pussy over the black girl's face! My semen dripped out of the vagina and into the open mouth of the lovely black woman!

The next unbelievable scene was another first for me! One of the men laid out a large, rubber sheet on the floor. The platinum blonde and the black girl laid down and began tonguing each other's mouth and breasts. The brunette and redhead also stretched out, but in the opposite direction so that their faces were a perfect fit for the black and platinum blonde's rear ends. Their tongues flicked out and began licking the assholes, working their way down to the cunts! The shocker was the men! They straddled and picked spots standing over the women! To my amazement, they began to urinate on the four lovely bodies beneath them! A torrent of piss cascaded on the ladies hair, tits,

thighs, cunts and open mouths! The banker knelt down—while still pissing—and rubbed his urine-peeing cock over the faces of the black and the blonde!

The redhead and the brunette, who were sucking the cunts of the blonde and the black, squeezed the buttocks of the girls and—lo and behold—the women being eaten began to urinate! This drove the other women so crazy, they swallowed the piss as they climaxed!

Whereas it normally takes me a half-hour to get my second erection, I had one in five minutes flat! After the women were thoroughly drenched, they went inside the bathroom to wash up. Carol made her appearance. I was really glad to see her and this time she was not only friendly, she blew me out of my mind. As I indicated, this was only part of the orgy. It was during a scotch refill that I got the story!

All these members of the Anti-Smut Board always believed, due to their up-bringing by very narrow-minded parents, that "erotica" or "pornography" was a menace to society. None of the members ever knew anything sexually except men fuck women on top—or it makes babies or sex is somehow connected with "something dirty."

For ten years, the board censored everything that didn't adhere to their conditioned beliefs. This included books by well-known authors and movies in general, not just hard-core. It wasn't until the movie owner (one of the men at the orgy) got hold of a hard-core movie that "the change" took place. It was the first sexually-explicit film any of them had ever seen. Their initial reaction was shock, disgust and horror, but as the film continued, the men discovered they had "enormous erections" and the women members found themselves "touching our privates."

By the time the film ended, everyone had secretly masturbated. If the feeling one gets from an orgasm is so good, then why was sex—whatever its form—so bad? And if sex created babies and, in fact, created them, why should it be wrong to enjoy it in whatever way was desired? The upshot of this was the Committee members began to have secret relations with each other—even their respective spouses hadn't known about it—but, at the same time they kept censoring films and books as they had always done. They felt, and rightfully so, that society was still not ready for a town's leading citizens to have sex orgies.

It was another board member who accidentally discovered the secret. The punch line to why the trial was not public and held without a jury was simple; the judge and the lawyers for both sides were also "closet swingers." That's why they wanted the story kept secret or else the whole town would be ruined.

Once I agreed with them, my film of sucking Carol was exposed to the light. I spent the rest of the weekend fucking and sucking like I'd never done before. One thing I know for sure is where I'm spending my vacation next month. However, wouldn't it be something if other Anti-Smut boards were like the one in the quiet, respectable town of Belline? Who knows what goes on in the minds of those who put sex down the most!

SEMEX, OVERBOARD!

(Continued from page 54)

cum on the breasts!

The older woman was climaxing as she sucked my prick. The young girl also had a lovely face, but I wasn't emancipated enough to kiss her with two other guys' semen coated on her lips. But she turned around and began eating the woman's cunt again. This left the girl's ass sticking in my face. This time I didn't hesitate. I grabbed her cheeks, pulled them open and thrust my tongue deep into her dank asshole! She came, the lady didn't stop coming, and I came! My load of cum was noisily gulped down by the classy lady! I practically crawled back to the bandstand!

By now the music the band played was a mishmash of utter noise! Do you know any musician that could play with a woman sucking his prick at the same time? The leader called it quits—the music, that is, not the sex. I have never seen such wild, erotic and even funny sex as I did that evening. At one point, the drummer was ramming his drumstick up some woman's asshole and she loved it!

Again I headed for the deck but didn't make it. If I wasn't being sexually attacked, I had to watch things I never saw before. Evidently, "water sports" is very in with the "older" crowd. When I finally spotted the attractive redhead from the deck, she was stretched out on a table with four women and six guys surrounding her. The women jerked off the men and all their cum landed on the tall, redhead's body. I stared in total disbelief

as each man then pissed on her breasts, feet, cunt and face. When they finished peeing, the four women attacked the redhead as if they were cannibals! Fingers squished over the accumulated cum and piss, and tongues licked everything bone dry!

Somehow, I managed to reach the deck! I leaned over the railing trying to unscramble my emotions. Forget it! A tongue pierced my ear! I turned and saw a fantastic, sexy black chick smiling devilishly at me! Beside her was the young girl I had just met before with the beautiful classy lady. She was squeezing the black woman's breasts and rubbing her body against me! We formed a quick trio!

The white girl (Jenny) pulled the three of us to the deck floor and had the black woman get on her hands and knees. Then Jenny guided my prick inside the black ass and slowly forced it inside the black hole! What a feeling! The black ass mashed against my stomach and boom—I shot again! Jenny pushed me away, grabbed the large, black behind and glued her lips to the rectal opening! Her tongue leaped inside and began to draw out my white, hot semen! When she gathered enough of it in her mouth, she laid the black woman down on her back, leaned over and spat the cum out on the woman's lips and both females went to town soul-kissing each other!

It's useless to detail any more. It was the wildest "Salute to Swing" I ever heard of. There is, however, a coda. I've not only been dating Jenny since then, but her mother insists on tagging along as chaperone. I guess you know that her mother was the wonderful, beautiful, cultured "older" woman.

One strange aftermath—everytime I hear Glenn Miller music I get an erection!

A LAZY DAY

(Continued from page 47)

The girls laughed. We stopped the hansom at the tennis courts, hastily dressed, made a dash for the separate showers and undressed again. Obviously, no one needed to piss. Twenty minutes later, we were inside the carriage eating ice cream.

They refused to give me any information, except they were visiting America for the first time. I didn't expect anything more to happen, until there was a knock at the window. The

(Please turn page)

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blonde peeked out behind the blind and smiled hello. I leaned over and saw a huge, black fellow on a bike. I recognized him; he was a police decoy who worked the park looking for muggers, rapists, etc. The blonde said they had made it with him a few days ago. Would I object if they invited him in? "It's your carriage," I said.

After attaching his bike to the hansom, the black man entered. He was surprised when he saw me and we exchanged friendly "My man's." He knew as much about the girls as I did. "But we can't look a gift horse in the mouth, right?" I agreed. The goddess suddenly said, "Would you like to see me suck a horse's cock?" I kept thinking that this is the girl I loved and here she was talking about going down on a horse. Though it didn't happen, the fact that she said it got everyone started again. Imagine the scene. A carriage in Central Park, slowly trotting along with little kids shouting, "There's a horse!" and inside there's an incredible sex orgy taking place!

The real black penis was as thick as it was long and to see the woman of my dreams forcing it deeper into her throat—well! There was no doubt that it was a horny sight indeed, to see a

monster black cock plunging into the white mouth of a beautiful, young woman! Meanwhile, his fat, black behind was being attacked when one of the brunettes stuck her tongue between the crack! The cop bent down further so that his ass would widen even more for the girl's tongue. The other brunette was busy trying to suck my cock and jerk on his black tool at the same time it was imbedded in the blonde's mouth. Then I went sex crazy!

I moved over to my goddess, grabbed the back of her head and shoved it back and forth as she clamped the black prick between her lips! The blonde's hand jerked my poor white cock up and down. The brunette gave up sucking it and wormed her way over my head so that her steaming, wet pussy crushed up against my face! I chewed her lips, sucked her twat and let my nose masturbate her clit!

The black stiffened. The brunette sucking out his asshole reached her hands around his thighs so that they touched the blonde's face. I shoved my own fingers inside the brunette's asshole. The blonde jerked my cock even

harder and then the black grunted; he pumped out a vat of hot cum down my sweetheart's throat! At the same time, I exploded my semen into her tiny fingers and over her stomach! She shook violently in the throes of her orgasm and likewise did the brunette I was eating!

When the black and I moved away, the other brunette kissed the blonde's lips. The goddess opened her mouth and stuck out a long tongue, covered with the black's cum. The brunette fingered herself and slowly licked the cum off the blonde's exposed tongue! She, too, came with these violent shakes.

Twenty minutes later, the cop and I watched the hansom disappear out of sight. It never came back in the days that followed and neither did Hank. I did hear that he quit medical school to go to England, for whatever reason. About a month later, the cop rode by and told me that the License Department had no record whatsoever of the large, black covered hansom. It was as if it had never existed, but it did.

Well, that's the way it happened and that's the story of a lazy day in the park.

Annie Sprinkles

(Continued from page 15)

I enjoyed hitchhiking, and it was a great way to meet people from all walks of life (and all cocks of life). I knew it was very dangerous for a young girl to hitchhike alone. I could have been raped and/or killed, and it was quite scary at times. But to a fearless (meaning naive), adventurous (meaning horny) girl like myself, the long highway was one big sexual turn-on. I discovered the wonderful world of big strong truck drivers.

The first few truck drivers I ever got a ride from picked me up after I had my thumb out for about two minutes (I was always very lucky). I climbed up the foot ladder into the big, new Peterbilt truck and sat down between them. They were both very handsome and well built. I never did find out their names. They were about 30 years of age, had heavy Southern accents, and had that friendly Southern hospitality. I liked them right away. I fell in love with the truck! It was so plush and comfortable, and very powerful.

After 100 miles or so, I started get-

ting really horny and I realized it was partly due to the way the big engine and the bumps in the road made the cushiony seat vibrate directly against my clitoris. Wow, it really felt good. I asked if I could see what the sleeper compartment looked like, and they obliged. I crawled in being careful not to bump my head on the roof and the guy that wasn't driving crawled in after me offering to give me a tour(!). He gave me the tour which took five seconds, and then he surprised me with a super juicy, passionate kiss which took a hundred seconds.

He unzipped and slid his hand down my pants to my clit which was pre-lubricated due to the vibrating truck seat, and gave me a fantastic finger fuck until I came—which took about twenty seconds. We were both so hot, the load of frozen chickens in the trailer was starting to defrost. We quickly stripped off all our clothes. I let out such a loud ecstatic scream when he entered me that the guy driving almost ran off the road. The vibrating truck made his cock vibrate against the walls of my pussy. It drove me crazy.

About 250 miles later we stopped at a convenient truck stop to get gas and to change drivers. I changed lovers.

When it started getting late and we were well into New Mexico, they dropped me off at an off ramp so I could hitch back home. They waved goodbye, saying, "Keep on trucking," and drove off. I stuck out my thumb, kept on trucking and kept on fucking!

Dear Annie Sprinkle,

My wife's birthday is next month and I know that what she really wants more than anything is to 69 with another female. She has never done it before but we both fantasize about it when we ball.

I want to surprise her and take her to the most plush massage parlor in the city. Frankly, I am afraid we might end up with an uncooperative, sexless bitchy whore. Can you give me some pointers on picking the right girl?

Mr. Gary L.

Dear Gary L.,

Sure. I have worked in lots of very plush MPs and I know that if you get the right girl it will be a birthday party the three of you will always remember.

Your best bet is simply to speak to the manager, tell him what you are looking for and ask his opinion on which girl would enjoy the scene

most. The management always tries their best to please couples. The manager knows what each girl is into and is sure to point out the most accommodating, eager to please, pussy-eater in the house.

Ask the manager if any of the girls are lesbian. Most places have one or two.

Well, I wish I could be there. Happy Birthday!

Annie

Until next month. A big juicy kiss to each of you, male or female. ●

Whore House

(Continued from page 15)

for the advertising parties, I would actually pay only the agency rate: 15% less than regular rates. In case you don't have enough fingers, that meant a bit over 90 dollars went into my sweaty little pocket. Not exactly enough to live like a prince, but a fairly decent wage for about two hours' work per week.

Don't worry, dear reader, I know all the questions you'd like to ask: they've been asked often enough by people to whom I've described my job in person. Did I get any (heh! heh!) "fringe benefits" on the job? No, of course not. As anybody who has ever worked for porn movies, sex magazines or whore houses knows, the last business to be in if you want to get laid is the sex-for-money business. Look at it this way: suppose you need someone to drive you around the city on Sunday. You have two friends with cars: one is a taxi driver and one is an accountant. Which friend would you ask to spend a Sunday driving you around? Of course you wouldn't ask the person who spends five days a week driving people around the city to spend a weekend doing the same for you. Well, that's the way it was at the whorehouse. Over the course of several months I became fairly well acquainted with several of the whores. But a goodly part of the reason we could be friends was that I wouldn't ask any one of them to give me for free what the johns were paying 60 bucks an hour for! With one little exception... but I'll get to that in a little while.

Now another thing you'll probably want to know before I get to the point of all this is how I got the job in the first place.

(Please turn page)

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No, I didn't get my job through the *New York Times*; Sabrina gave it to me. Sabrina was an old friend from Istanbul. As you know if you read the *last* installment of my scribbles, I and several of my friends in Istanbul had a very lucrative little business; we would pick up tourist girls, wine, dine and fuck them, and then steal their Travelers' checks to sell on the black market. It was a very sweet little business, and the story of just *why* I gave it all up is not for here and now. Suffice to say that yes, in Istanbul I was involved in a sophisticated form of Fuck-for-Money.

Whores always recognize each other, and there is between them a good deal of professional respect, just as there is in less honorable (and, less beneficial) professions such as Medicine and Law. So when I tried to pick up Sabrina in the Istanbul airport, I realized within the first few moments that here was a fellow worker whom I *dare* not rip off, (a) because it would have been a totally dishonorable and unprofessional thing to do, and (b) because she was a smart enough hustler to see right through my hustle. But Sabrina and I did become very good friends during her stay in Istanbul.

In answer to your next question, no, it so happens that we did not become lovers. Sabrina is a very handsome woman: statuesque, long red hair, sexy, vibrant and alive. A totally desirable, voluptuous woman in her early forties, a woman in the absolute prime of her life at an age when many women would be waving the flag and retiring from the field of combat. Alas, she found my friend Salim more fuckable than me. So as I said, we just became good friends. But I am immodest enough to believe that her month in Istanbul was made infinitely more enjoyable by my efforts: so I felt *no* uneasiness when I arrived in New York about asking her for a bit of work. And she was happy to be able to oblige.

All right. Enough of the *fascinating* background details. Now before you fall asleep I'll get to the point of all this scribbling. One of Sabrina's girls was called Ray. Ray, like Sabrina, was a tall, juicy redhead. A full, sensuous body, big breasted—a woman who all the banging in the world could never hurt, absolutely *made* for her chosen profession. She was half Sabrina's age; in her early twenties at the most. Sounds pretty good, right? Unfortunately, Ray's was not my favorite body-type. I happen to like my women smaller and more manageable. Also, as I said, there was that professional

barrier, unspoken but always present, between us. Also, as I have *not* yet mentioned, there was the small matter of another woman with whom I was very definitely involved during most of the time I worked for Sabrina's whorehouse. A woman whose presence in my life was so important that I had no real desire to think of Sabrina's girls as anything more than a job. About this woman I will say little more. You will excuse me, but some injuries are still a little too recent to be played with. I will only say that at the time of which I am writing, this woman and I had suddenly, and through no desire of my own, become very much *un-involved* with each other.

I liked Ray. On a casual, friendly basis, I enjoyed spending a few minutes talking to her when she was around on ad-payment day. For one thing, she was a foreigner, too, a country-girl from western Canada. So we had a lot of fun exchanging horror stories about our first few days at the Big Apple. Then, too, Ray was a really lively, vivacious girl; it seemed she never lost a strange sort of innocence, a kind of bright-eyed, fresh way of looking at people and the world. On one particularly busy day, Sabrina was nearly hysterical trying to find enough girls for all the horny johns. She had sent Ray out on one nearby call, and was *very* pissed off when she took well over an hour and a half on what should have been a half-hour job. But right in the middle of the chewing out, Ray giggled: "But Sabrina. . . he was such a sweet old man. . . I thought it was so cute when he wanted to come *twice*. . ." At which point Sabrina simply threw up her hands in an unmistakable gesture of surrender.

Now then, imagine if you will a very unhappy Turk. The woman for whom he has left his homeland has just recently left *him*. And in losing this woman, he has also lost both his living quarters *and* a rather sizeable portion of his income. Yes, to say the least I was kind of depressed during those days. Depressed people. . . me when I get depressed. . . have a tendency to get very wrapped up in themselves to a point where it is very easy to surprise or shock them. That was the way it was with me. One day I walked into Sabrina's place, all wrapped up in my tragic feelings of self-pity, and was really surprised when she hit me between the eyes with:

"Hey Al? Just got this job and there's nobody available for it. How'd you like to fuck Ray?" Ray, who was

sitting on the couch, smiled and winked.

"Huh? Who? . . . What?" As you can see, it is not difficult to get me flustered.

"We have this job. . . the guy just wants to watch. . . he's just paying to watch a nice looking young guy fuck a pretty girl. I told Ray you probably wouldn't mind." She said that last bit with a twinkle in her eyes.

Now some of you will need no explanation for what I did next. You may skip over the next few lines. For the rest of you, I explain as follows. What Sabrina, the sly bitch, had just done was make me an offer I couldn't refuse. After all, we were all "professionals." She had just made me a professional offer. For me to have refused would be an incredibly insulting thing, not just for Ray to whom I'd be saying, "I don't find you attractive enough to fuck," but also to Sabrina, to whom I'd be saying: "It's okay for *you* to fuck for money, but I'm *above* being a whore." And neither of those statements were true. I depended for a great deal of my income on the existence of Sabrina's girls. And as for Ray. . . well, I may have been a total jerk for not realizing it until that moment, but I found her very fuckable indeed! I was still very flustered, so I made a joke about it:

"For money? Sure. . . I guess I could fuck Ray for money."

"Hey, thanks a lot. . . ya creep!" Ray said, in an excellent imitation of a Brooklyn accent.

Ray and I took a cab to the address we'd been given: a medium-high quality hotel in mid-Manhattan. I must say I was quite nervous about the whole thing. . . it seemed very weird and exciting. Ray, for all that she was, was younger than I and, as I said, a lot more innocent, was certainly a good deal cooler about it. She must have picked up how nervous I was feeling.

"Hey Al? . . . Don't worry. . . you're gonna do just fine." She giggled and tickled me under the chin. Suddenly I wanted to bang her right there in the cab. I pulled her over and kissed her on the mouth, realizing even as she opened her hot sweet lips to my tongue-probing that this was just about the first time I'd ever touched her. . . touched her in any way! She kissed back for a few seconds, then pulled away with a mocking wag of her finger.

"Uh uh, Al. Save it for. . . John," she teased. Then she kissed her finger and pressed it against the tip of my cock right through my pants. I could have painted the walls of the cab with sperm! But instead I decided to adopt

a "professional" attitude.

"Sorry, Ray. Just wanted to rehearse my opening lines."

"Improvise, baby, improvise. . . you'll knock 'em dead."

The desk clerk at the hotel was a model of self-control. He didn't even bat an eyelash when I told him to announce "Mr. and Mrs. Johnson" in my best Turkish accent. He called the room, and then informed us "Mr. Michaels" had said we should go right up.

I was standing slightly behind Ray in the elevator. As the operator stared out of the small window at the floors slipping by for the millionth time, Ray reached behind her and gave my cock the most gentle and loving of caresses. I was primed and ready for . . . business. Just as Ray wanted. As we walked down the thick-carpeted hall, she kissed my ear and said, "You're going to be just fine, my love." Let me do the talking."

Mr. Michaels opened the door wearing a beige business suit. I remember thinking that was strange, calling for two people to fuck in front of you while you were wearing a suit: somehow that was a lot kinkier than if we were all nude. But following Ray's very strong hint, I said nothing about it. Mr. Michaels (he never asked either of us to call him anything else) was a stocky man in his late forties. He had a large, wet smile which never left his face and straight, thinning hair which I was sure was black by virtue of some crap in a bottle. He wore his hair businessman-fashionably long, with sideburns, and brushed the sides very carefully up and over his balding forehead, a style which I have always found incredibly stupid. But two things about Mr. Michaels disturbed me more than anything. First, his glasses. They were blackrimmed and thick, so ridiculously thick that they made his eyes disappear. I was sure he would be totally blind without them.

The other disturbing thing about Mr. Michaels was his hands. They were small, with stumpy, nail-bitten fingers, quite out of scale with the rest of his rather ape-like body. You may ask how I could notice such small details about this john. It's just that those hands of his were impossible to miss. For he kept his stumpy little fingers in constant motion, wiggling his thumbs nervously over his fingertips as though he were rolling little balls of snot. A thoroughly delightful human being.

I won't bore you with the preliminary (Please turn page)

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inaries. Within moments, Mr. Michaels handed me the pre-arranged amount of green, and at Ray's very sweet and lady-like suggestion, we all adjourned to his bedroom. There is seldom much which is memorable about a hotel bedroom. This one was a bit messy: both an open suitcase and an open briefcase with papers spilling out were on the bed. Mr. Michaels said, "Oh, I'll get that for you. . ." and cleared all the crap off the bed, thereby subtly indicating precisely where he wished us to stage our command performance. I stood and he sat back in a chair, and we both watched Ray undress. She was *so* good at it! When she was down to nothing but panties, she turned her back to us, hooked her thumbs into the elastic, and with a delightfully corny over-the-shoulder wink, she pulled the panties down and off, displaying and twitching a full, round and delicious looking ass at us. She poured herself down onto the bed.

I will freely admit it—I was totally ready to fuck her blind and senseless, and the thought of this old creep watching the two of us was just an added little spice. After all, the rules were quite clear—he was paying to look at but no touch. I felt completely in control and ready. I could even afford to be polite. So I turned to the old fuck and said, in my most continental accent, "Would you like me to. . ." and finished the sentence with a gesture down at my clothes.

"Yes, please. Everything off," he said. His lips were very wet and shiny. He bobbed his goggle-eyed head up and down excitedly.

I got undressed as Ray watched me, smiling. I was smiling back, concentrating solely on her. I was hungry for her, but I took my time, savoring each little moment's delay. As I approached her she seemed to reach up for me with her entire, smiling body. We had no need for preliminaries. I was stiff and ready, she wet and hungry. We folded into each other, rolling and splashing in a hot and salty sea. We were good. . . *so* good fucking together. What was happening between us. . . it was madness. . . we were totally alone. . . alone together. There was no creepy old man sitting next to our two sweating, plunging, gasping fucking bodies! Nobody. . . nothing but our tight, dizzy bodies colliding, our crazed, hungry bodies fucking. Ray was gasping and sobbing and crying underneath me, whining like a hot bitch as she squeezed nearer and nearer to a screaming climax and I was just holding tight, riding

her bucking hips, waiting for her so I could splash a cum volcano all across her twitching hot pussy walls. We were both arching up in a tight cum-knot. Almost ready, almost ready. And suddenly a hand was gripping my shoulder tightly. Gripping and shaking me. It was Mr. Michaels.

"Wait. I said *wait*. I'm not ready yet!" I twitched my shoulder out of his grasp and without looking up I snarled, "Goddamn it. . . you look but don't touch! Go sit down!"

I turned back to our work. . . to Ray's and my work. And then I was grabbed in two places. A terribly strong little hand grabbed a big clump of my head hair. And a nail-bitten wet finger plunged like a spear of pain all the way into my asshole. And a tight, savage voice was right next to my ear, snarling, "Well, I'm *gonna* touch, sonny boy. Now you watch *this*, you fucking little prick!" And strong arms were tearing my head, ripping out my asshole. . . lifting me too pain-spasmed to scream, up and off of Ray, and tossing me over on the bed. By the time I rolled over and opened my eyes, a matter of maybe a second, our creepy old Mr. Michaels was kneeling on the bed, practically on top of Ray, with one hand pressing down on her full, round breast, and in the other hand the biggest fucking .38 I'd ever seen pointing right in my fucking face. And he was still wearing that dumb beige suit, those goggle-eye glasses and not a plastered hair was out of place. His hands, around the gum and around Ray's tit, were still much too small for his body.

"New York police. Vicesquad. Don't make a fucking move. . ."

There was a pause, and then Ray and I both had the same inspired idea. Remember, we both knew how to "do things" with people; how to manipulate them; it was our business. What we did with this lunatic was, we both started to laugh, very gently and not at all nervously.

"Aw c'mon," Ray said.

"You gotta be kidding," I said right with her.

That was when Mr. Michaels brought his gun down very hard and fast against the side of my face, splitting open a small cut under my eye, splashing open a large blood-fountain from inside my nose, but miraculously, I later discovered, breaking nothing. At that moment my world exploded into blood and stinging face-pain.

"Oh yeah? Watch how I'm kidding, you pimp. Make a move and I'll blow

you fucking away."

He put the nose of his gun gently right up against Ray's terrified, paralyzed eye. He shifted position until he was kneeling right next to her face.

"Okay, slut. . . pull me out. . ." And Ray unzipped the beige pants and pulled out a half-hard uncircumcised prick. Mr. Michaels jostled Ray's face with the gun:

"Well, bitch? Suck it hard. And just try some funny stuff. . . you're deader than shit."

And Ray did it. She sucked Mr. Michaels cock like the expert she was, sucked it until she produced a very long, very thin, very stiff erection for the blind, bespectacled ape-man who hunched over her. Mr. Michaels was sweating, his wet lips working, his vicious hand twisted in her hair pushing and pulling her working head backwards and forwards. Her whole voluptuous body was writhing and straining with the effort of her sucking.

And then a very strange and horrifying thing happened. Watching this totally ill scene. . . forced to watch this utter madness. . . I discovered I had become very. . . very turned on indeed. I tried to twist away. . . to hide the fact from Mr. Michaels. But I was too late. He gave a triumphant, blind choking laugh, and pulled Ray's face away from his stiff cock.

"Okay bitch, now let's see you fuck your pimp. Now get on top of him and fuck the shit out of him!"

And goddamn it, through that total sickness, through the constant throbbing of my beaten face. . . I was *ready*! I lay back and Ray climbed on top of me, only the slightest bit of surprise registering through her stunned expression. She stuffed my cock back into her twitching cunt and slowly began fucking me. But a slow, loving orgasm was not exactly what Cecil B. Demented had in mind.

He suddenly open-handed Ray on her back, crushing her flat down on me. He grabbed her hair again and pulled her face against his long, snake-like cock.

"Spit on my dick, bitch. . . yeah, get it good and slippery. . ."

When the whole length of his cock was glistening with Ray's thick saliva, Mr. Michaels suddenly pushed her down against me again. Then he scurried heavily around and climbed up on top of us. I was crushed and half-suffocated by the combined weight on top of me. I could feel Mr. Michaels fumbling with one of his little stubby hands. But in the next instant I didn't have to guess what he was doing. Ray's

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he threw himself back in a roar of laughter.

"See what a good actor I am, just wanted to prove to you that I can play anything."

"Well make up for it you bastard," I spit at him, grabbing for his balls to wreak havoc on them with my nails. He was too fast for me and had me spread-eagled on the bed; he sat between my legs holding my arms above my head with one hand, and keeping my legs apart with his knees. With the other hand he began playing with my cunt lips and clit by rubbing his delicious cock into me, teasing me, driving me insane.

My clit was inflamed. I could feel it harden and rise up from between my lips, begging for touching, for licking, for something. I tried getting loose, but the boy was incredibly strong. I waited for the right moment and as he teased the mouth of my panting hot-pot, I lunged my hips forward and pushed my cunt around his throbbing cock. He pretended to fight with me trying to pull out, and every move was ecstasy. We writhed together, me trying to hold him in, and he trying to pull out. The movements were wildly rough and crazy. We were pulling against each other, ripping at each other's body as we flung ourselves into the fight.

Finally, I realized he'd been playing all along. I couldn't match his strength and he pulled out his cock, dripping with the viscous fluids of my juicy pussy. "You'll get it when I'm ready, babe," he shouted, forcing my legs further apart as he pulled them over his shoulders, my ass tight against his stomach. "And I'm ready," he crooned in that delicious accent, his voice softening as he plunged deeply into me. His first thrust brought me the relief I'd been screaming for, and every push into me gave me another surge of excitement. He held my legs powerfully as he moved in a fucking dance of beauty in and out of my pussy. The juices kept flowing out of me as his cock found every one of my favorite spots. He pushed into the right and let his cock throb slowly and quietly inside of me, and then he furiously pulled out and thrust back in like a rapid fire machine gun, only to move slowly in an undulating rhythm for a moment, and then change again. He danced the fucking dance with his cock a veritable baton, and every muscle in his body the entire orchestra it was conducting. I sprouted wings, I flew, I sang, I pirouetted under him, thrill-

ing to his every look, his every touch, his every plunge.

With his hands on my tits, pulling at my nipples and screaming a cry of the banshees, he poured a cascade of hot fire into my cunt, which was already purring with pleasure. I almost passed out as the fire burnt through me, ripping me apart, filling me with a new awareness, a spiralling kind of coming.

What a kid, what a kid, what a kid, I kept thinking as I lay there panting, every pore in my body salivating with the joy of him. The wild and gentle, the slow and the fast, the pacing of a maestro, the expertise of a Don Juan. Wow, I'd struck pay dirt, I thought, as I lay there. Little did I know he had not yet begun to audition, or that this was much more than an audition for him and those he represented.

He began kissing my ears and eyes, my cheeks and mouth. His tongue was perfect, his lips sucked on mine one at a time, his teeth moved against my mouth with new movements and tricks I'd never felt or seen in forty years. He licked my face and throat, humming into my skin causing shimmers and shivers to roll into me and through me. "That's in case there are some romantic scenes in your films. I want you to know I can do it all—the rough and the tender, the hard and the soft."

"Oh, show me more," I purred, "show me more." And he did.

Turning me slowly over onto my stomach, he began licking my entire body, his tongue rimming my cheeks and pushing them apart so that he could get into my ass. His tongue pushed in and his fingers opened me further and further until I could feel a hunger deep in my asshole, wanting to be filled as I'd never before wanted to be filled. He tickled me with his tongue, and fingered me gently, slowly spreading me apart. "Put it in, put it in," I begged, but he was a master at teasing and continued pulling and probing, tickling and licking. Suddenly I felt myself being lifted in his powerful arms, my ass tight against his stomach.

Another boy, who I hadn't even seen before slipped under me, his face directly in my cunt, his tongue wildly flicking at my clit. The thrill of his licking, the incredible surprise and excitement of it all caused me to spurt in a paroxysm of climaxing, my juices drowning the boy beneath me. Just as my perfect lover had planned, my ass opened wide as I came with a fury, and he speared my ass deeply and fur-

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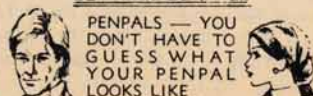
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iously with his joystick. I was sucked and ass-fucked, my body held high above the mouth below me, pushing back and forth on the huge cock-pole up my ass. My screams of coming pierced the air, and bounced off the walls and floor and ceiling. I must have passed out from the sheer ecstasy of it for I awoke cradled in the arms of two fabulous men-children.

My lover took my face in his hands and sing-sang to me. "How's that my lovely lady, do you think I can be a star?"

They both stroked me and held me close, letting me sleep a while. I could feel their hands against my body as they slowly and gently pulled on each other's cocks, rubbing their bodies into me. They pleased each other as they sucked on my tits and rubbed their arms along my belly.

Ah, young cocks, they never went down, they stayed up and hard and wonderful forever, I thought. I began picturing my next film. I'd use both of these boys as the stars and I'd be the female lead. We'd be on a desert island and at first I wouldn't be able to get enough. I'd keep pulling at them and begging them for more and more fucking. It would be exquisite for me, and the audience would be jerking off like crazy as I took turns being fucked and sucked and devoured by these two young native beauties.

But then, as the film went on, I'd begin to want to rest, and they wouldn't let me. They'd fuck me night and day, taking turns fucking me. It would become a battle of the century—two boys fucking a woman to death. The film would be fabulous, I thought, as I lay there, planning each scene, imagining the build-up of the star wanting more and more fucking, and then finally begging to be alone. "No more orgasms, no more touching, no more," she'd scream over and over, and they'd plunge harder and harder, one in her cunt, and one up her ass.

I woke up to reality from under the creative urges of writing a script for my film, and I felt myself being lifted high in the air. They had rigged up a kind of harness and placed me in it so that I was swinging from the ceiling. As I swung there they licked my entire body, my toes, my fingers, my tits and my cunt. Their tongues were all over me and their lips were sucking every inch of me. They would bite until I'd scream with pain and then lick me so gently and tenderly that I'd purr and moan with pleasure. I was swinging not only in the air but on their cocks. One beautiful young boy stood in front of me so that his cock was

right at my cunt, and the other flew in to my asshole as I was swung backwards towards his waiting rod. I came until I was limp, and my cunt was closing up from the sheer exhaustion of the muscles contracting in spasms of pleasure for hours and hours.

Their energy and drive never diminished. Their cocks were giants within minutes of their coming, and when they lay flaccid, shrivelled up against their thighs, they used their tongues and fingers on me, devouring me constantly, deluging and bombarding me with pleasure giving motions.

I hung there, panting, exhausted, almost unconscious, when suddenly I heard my own words: "No more orgasms, no more touching, no more." I was screaming as lips invaded my aching cunt, and my exquisitely sensitive clit was licked by what had been ecstatic sweeps of a wet and hot tongue, but were now like a hot iron against my raw skin. "No more, no more, I beg of you, no more." I heard the agony in my voice. "No more."

Their hands were grappling with my body, their mouths viciously attacking, their cocks invaders of my very life. What had been ecstatic joy was now the agony that almost cried for anything that could release it—"Let me die, let me die." I could hear my own words somewhere from the depths of my unconscious. My body had released itself from the torture by fainting.

"It seems that the boys were tired of being used and abused. They got together and planned the whole thing. Thank goodness you're alright."

I heard the words and through the hazy vision of my drugged stupor I saw Jason, my partner in the film business.

"Funny, but as they were making love to me I had an idea for a fabulous film which I wanted to star them in," I said mumbling, the reality of the hospital room, the pain in my cunt, my nipples, my entire body weakening my voice and my brain.

"What idea did you have, Sheryl? Can you talk about it?" Jason probed.

"Yes," I managed, "it's about two boys on a desert island with 10 women, and eventually the boys kill themselves to get away from the sexual abuse of the women."

I smiled satanically, enjoying the change I'd made in the storyline, as I decided to hire the two wonders who caused me to be lying in this bed. I thought about where they'd be lying shortly after we started filming. Even my cunt twitched with pleasure at just the very thought of it.

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SPY EYE is purposefully priced low enough for you to afford more than one. You will find dozens of personal situations for SPY EYE... so be prepared by ordering several. You may use SPY EYE at home, at the office or anywhere you wish to **see without being seen.**



YOU ARE THERE AND "INVISIBLE"

You remain unseen behind solid doors, walls, etc. while your eye takes in the entire room and all that's in it!



SPY EYE

**An absolute 100%
Money-Back Guarantee**

SPY EYE must be everything you believe it will be. Yes, SPY EYE must satisfy you or return it to us within the 10 day inspection period and receive a full, prompt refund. No questions asked.

FREE 10 DAY HOME TRIAL

MIROBAR SALES CORP
964 THIRD AVE, DEPT FL-177
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

Please RUSH me the SPY-EYE's in a plain unmarked package. I have checked the number I wish to receive. I may return them within 10 days for a 100% refund. Full payment is enclosed.

☐ 1 for \$8.95 ☐ 2 for \$15.95
☐ 3 for \$22.95

Please add \$1 for postage and handling.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

© 1975 ACTION PRODUCT

LOLITA - TEENAGE PLAY GIRL

Life size and oh so full of life. Lolita is truly the marvel of all life size dolls. Her innocent, beautifully molded teenage face is crowned with long silky golden hair to help add to her life like qualities. Her 5 feet 2 inches of round, soft and shapely teenage body, plus her perfectly formed breasts makes Lolita the most life like doll on the market. Lolita comes complete with built in female organs, Greek features, deep throat open mouth, and soft rounded shapely hips and thighs. After 18 months of research and improvements, Lolita, the teenage party girl, is the most life like doll sold. Truly the most COMPLETE action doll available. Let Lolita astound you.

ELECTRONIC 4 WAY ACTION LOLITA TEENAGE PLAY GIRL

NEW DESIGN. REMOTE CONTROL HANDS WITH ELECTRONIC FINGERS

LONG
SILKY
HAIR

ELECTRONIC HANDS AND FINGERS You must be 100% satisfied and delighted. The electronic hand, our newest patented feature. Watch the hand and fingers vibrate, pulsate, gently massage in 100 different positions. Each finger bends or vibrates individually in any situation. Lolita can manipulate her soft pliable hand and fingers into any action position that a human hand can thanks to her intricate skeleton under the flesh like skin of her fingers. She can grasp an item as thin as a pencil or as thick as a banana. Each finger has its own individual bendable skeleton. And best of all, her hand is remote controlled.

TEENAGE Sold as an Adult Novelty only

LIFE-SIZE
OVER 5 FT. TALL

**RATED
XXX**

**ELECTRONIC
HAND AND
FINGERS**

LITTLE NYMPH OR TEEN ANGEL

Lolita's teenage body is so life like and life size, that she can wear any clothing you have seen on other teenagers. Anything from a prom dress to a beach bikini. Let Lolita be the girl of your dreams. Dress her like a cheerleader, high school girl, surfer, a nymph or a lady. She wears mini skirts, baby dolls, hot pants, levis, sweaters, stockings, shoes, boots, etc. Simply dress her to suit your mood. Dress Lolita the way you think a teenager should look. You've seen them, whizzing by on their bikes with their long hair in the wind, walking from school in their tight leather mini skirts or levis, or working in their tight uniforms at the hamburger stand. Wide skirted teeny bopper of the 50's, hippy of the 60's, or mod of the 70's. "LOLITA"... The only soft cuddly teenage doll in the world.

LONG SILKY HAIR

And now, to add to Lolita's other human like qualities, we've added long silky golden hair to give her that life like feel, as well as life like looks and action. Why own a second rate doll with painted on hair like a toy balloon, when you can have the real thing? Her hair brushes into any style you want. (Use hair spray for that life like touch and feminine scent.) The finishing touch for the girl of your dreams. Remember the 40's and 50's? That special date? Relive the past. Order now!

Remember, **LIFE LIKE IN EVERY WAY !!!** Designed from Above Mold Drawings

FEATURES

- 5 feet 2 inches TEENAGE body with long silky hair
- Built in female organs
- Life-like detailed breasts
- Deep throat action open mouth
- Electronic 4 way remote controlled
- French and Greek design
- Soft and pliable rounded hips and thighs
- Electronic fingers with human-like skeleton

**5 MODELS TO
CHOOSE FROM
ADULTS
ONLY**

**COMPLETE
WITH
FEMALE
ORGAN**

**FROM
\$19.95**

MIROBAR SALES
964 THIRD AVE Dept. FL-1774
NEW YORK, NY 10022

GENTLEMEN: Please rush Lolita to me on a 10 day free trial. I understand she comes complete with all female organs and other lifelike features built in. All models come with long silky life-like hair. I must be 100% satisfied or money refunded.

- ☐ A — **DELUXE LOLITA** — I enclose \$19.95 + 95¢ P.P. Send Lolita complete with built in female features.
- ☐ B — **DEEP THROAT LOLITA** — I enclose \$29.95 + .95¢ P.P. Send Lolita complete with female organs, and Deep Throat action open mouth.
- ☐ C — **GREEK LOLITA** — I enclose \$39.95 + .95¢ P.P. Send Lolita complete with female organs, Deep Throat action mouth, Greek features, and extra large breasts.
- ☐ D — **ELECTRONIC LOLITA** — I enclose \$49.95 + .95¢ P.P. Send Lolita complete with All features in model C, plus remote control electronic features.
- ☐ E — **ULTIMATE LOLITA** — I enclose \$59.95 + .95¢ P.P. Send Lolita with all the features of model C and D, plus electronic remote control hands and fingers.
- ☐ — **Bikini** — \$2.00 ☐ Please rush, I enclose \$1.00 extra.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Calif. residents add 6% Sales Tax.